Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 40.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Nov. 17—Fourth night of the short engagement of Mr. POWER, prior to his departure for Europe. BORN TO GOOD LUCK: Paudeen O'Rafferty, Mr. Power—and THE OMNIBUS: Pat Rooney, Mr. Power.

MONDAY, Nov. 19—Last night but three of Mr. Power's engagement, prior to his departure for England. O'FLANNAGAN AND THE FAIRIES—AN AFFAIR OF HONOR—and ABON HASSAN.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20—Last night but two of Mr. Power's engagement. RORY O'MORE and THE OMNIBUS.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—Last night but one of the engagement of Mr. Power prior to his departure for England. WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS—and THE IRISH LION.

THURSDAY, Nov. 22—Last night of Mr. Power's engagement. ST. PATRICK'S EVE and TEDDY THE TILER.

FRIDAY, Nov. 23—Mr. POWER'S BENEFIT and last appearance prior to his departure for Europe

Boxes 1st. Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 19—Mademoiselle CELESTE will appear in her popular Drama of ST. MARY'S EVE, with a celebrated DANCE; to conclude with THE WIZARD SKIFF, in which Celeste will sustain her original characters.

TUESDAY, Nov. 20—Celeste will appear in two of her popular characters, with Dances.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 21—SUSANNE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"What horses ran against *Black Maria* in her great race at Baltimore over the Central Course, at the opening of the said course?" Col. Johnson's *Virginia Taylor*, Col. Wynn's *James Crepper*, Dr. Minge's *Eliza Reiley*, Gen. Irvine's *Busiris*, and Mr. White's *Collier*. The race was for a Poststake of $500 each, with $1000 added by the Proprietor, Four mile heats. Va. Taylor won the 1st heat in 8:03—Black Maria won the 2d in 8:10, and the 3d in 8:03, hard in hand.

"Did not *Trifle* beat *Black Maria* during the same meeting?" Yes, three days after, in 8:00—7:55, B. M. running 2d, and beating Collier and May-day. Black Maria, during this week, ran twenty miles—the last mile of her race with Trifle (making her 20th) was run in 1:53.

"When were the two races run?" On the 26th and 29th of Oct., 1831.

"A bets B on the late races over the Beacon Course (according to the entries published in Philadelphia) Charlotte Russe and Henry Moore against Langford, Zenobia, and Trenton. Who wins?" A would win by the English rules of betting, notwithstanding Henry Moore and Trenton did not start, as bets in England are considered P. P. unless distinctly expressed to the contrary; here the reverse is the fact, and in our opinion the bet is off. Had Charlotte Russe and Henry Moore been backed against *the field* instead of named nags, it appears to us that A would win, though had Charlotte lost the race, A might have claimed that the bet was off, as one of his named nags failed to start. "Doctors disagree" on this point, and we should like to have the opinion of some of the "knowing ones" on the subject.

The following question was submitted from Kentucky a few weeks since:—"Is a bet naming two horses against *the field* void, if one of the named nags fails to start?" We decided that it was; the withdrawal of any number from the *field* would not have affected the bet, so long as one started; but the person betting two horses vs. the field, made his bet upon the ground that his two would start. In support of our decision we have Messrs. J. C. Stevens, Capt. D. H. Branch, Capt. Stockton, Mr. Neill, Mr. Toler, etc., while an array of authorities decide that the bet would stand, among whom we may mention Col. Johnson, Messrs. R. L. Stevens, W. Livingston, and J. P. Hall. Any communications upon this interesting question will be received with pleasure.

E. B. Esq., of Lexington Ky., is informed that his advertisement will make two squares—consequently the price of a single insertion in this paper will be $10, and $2 each continuance.

"Boston Theatricals"—"Hints to the Trotting Gentry"—"Spring Races at Washington," etc., are unavoidably omitted until next week.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The great event of the week at this theatre has been the farewell benefit of Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS. This was given him on Tuesday evening last, and it was literally, and most deservedly, "a bumper at parting." The house was full, and a large proportion of the audience were ladies. The entertainments of the evening were in themselves delightful, but an extraordinary interest was imparted by the consideration, that this was probably the last time that we were to enjoy the unrivalled excellence of Madame VESTRIS. We can now look for no combination of chances so felicitous as to win back to our stage this fair and perfect votary of Thalia. The house on Tuesday felt this, and watched each look and attitude with eager eyes, reluctant to lose a single point of excellence, in personations where all was beauty, and grace, and spirit. Truly "with a greedy ear" did they "devour up her discourse," and the song, which would alone suffice to render the burletta of *One Hour* attractive—"Love is the theme of the Minstrel," was listened to with an *impressement* we have rarely seen. It was called for again, instantaneously and vociferously, and every one bent himself to fix firmly in his mind tones that were never again to charm at the Park. This breathless attention was continued throughout the evening, and at the close of her performance in *Mrs. Singleton*, the curtain rang down to a house overflowing in enthusiasm, and all ready to exclaim "we ne'er shall look upon her like again."

Mr. Mathews acquitted himself this evening as he ever does, with great cleverness. It is not enough to say that no one can play *Charles Swiftly* with him—we never even hope to see his equal in that part. And what shall we say again of *Tim—Tim Topple*, the Tiger? Whether recounting the mishaps of "the cab and the mare," or his escape from a bevy of bailiffs—whether drinking in wisdom from the oracular jaws of his "dad," or impressing upon the mind of his "cub" (not "*cat*," as we were made to say last week) the dignity of his station,—whether "coming it strong" over his acquaintance of the "Elephant," or making love to Lucy *a-la-mode de Paris*, he is alike unequalled and unapproachable. *Tim Topple*, looking the dolorous while listening to the objurgations of *Sir Pompadour*, is, to our eyes, as perfect a picture as we have ever seen on the stage.

At the conclusion of the performances Mr. Mathews was loudly called for, and he acknowledged the compliment in a speech, much the longest we ever heard from the stage. Though not unpremeditated in substance, the manner of his address led us to believe it quite extempore in its form of expression; and though we cannot regard it as altogether correct in all the impressions it would convey, yet it gave every token of being the production of a scholar and gentleman of spirit. In place of remarking upon it, we have preferred to give the address itself, as it has been written out for us, with the sanction of Mr. Mathews. It was delivered with great vigor and feeling, and was listened to with breathless attention. Every point made in it was acknowledged by the house with deafening cheers, and upon its conclusion, the walls of the Park rung with the farewell greetings, hearty and prolonged, of his assembled friends.

MR. MATHEWS' FAREWELL ADDRESS.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—This is the first time I have ever addressed an audience in my own character, and I certainly had not the slightest intention of doing so now; but being assured that on the last night of our engagement it would be taken as a mark of disrepect were I to remain wholly silent, I am determined that that imputation at least shall not be cast upon me; and indeed I should be most ungrateful were I to refuse a few words to those kind friends who have given us such a 'bumper at parting.' [Applause.]

"In consideration of the lateness of the hour I will be as brief as possible in what I have to say, though, as this, ladies and gentlemen, is our last interview, and as in all probability we may never meet again, I do hope you will not deny me your patient attention for a few minutes.—Our story is soon told and easily understood, and if I have hitherto refrained from troubling you with a single word upon the several occasions when I have had the honor of being called forward to receive your flattering applause, I have so refrained purposely, from the fear that my own independent spirit would not allow me to offer unqualified thanks for any partial success, some unguarded expression might be seized upon as conveying intentional offence to the American public. I can now, however, speak without danger of being accused of interested motives, inasmuch as we have appeared before you professionally for the last time, and our immediate return to Europe is already determined on.

"We set sail for this country, ladies and gentlemen, as upon a trip of pleasure. Steam reduced the voyage to a mere nothing, and though it is true we were obliged to make many sacrifices in leaving home, friends, and unvarying professional success, to risk a doubtful reception among strangers, still we did so with light hearts and perfect reliance on the well-known hospitality of the people we were about to visit, backed by a thorough confidence in our own good intentions, and the conviction that as we set out with the determination to spare no effort to please, our endeavors must be met, if not with brilliant success, at all events with the usual indulgence and protection so notoriously extended to British Actors. We set foot then on these shores, resolved to be pleased with every thing; and to the question of "How do you like our country?" so universally asked by all persons here upon a first introduction, we readily answered in terms of the highest praise, as fortunately we were then honestly and conscientiously able to do.

"Two days after our arrival at this city, the weather being insufferably hot, we were advised to proceed at once to the Catskill Mountains. We did so, with the intention of passing there our few weeks of leisure in cool retirement. (Here Mr. Mathews described their journey to "The Cloud-capt" Hotel, and the return from thence upon finding it not sufficiently retired for their wishes.) Our intention was to return at once to New York; but, that same night, chance lodged us at the Exchange House at Poughkeepsie, where we found all the quiet that we had been taught to expect at the Mountain House;—there we at once installed ourselves, and there we remained for three weeks as retired as possible, literally confined to our apartments, with the exception of our usual drive in the cool of the evening.

"Little did we expect, ladies and gentlemen, while applauding ourselves for our politic conduct in retiring altogether from the public eye, and thereby avoiding, as we supposed, all possibility of offence, that at that very moment we were insulting the whole American Nation—that the press was teeming far and near, with comments on our atrocious behaviour, and that a fatal prejudice was rapidly gaining ground against us.

"Of all this we remained in a state of happy ignorance till our return to New York. I was then informed that we had given serious offence at Saratoga Springs on our way to the Falls of Niagara—that we had refused to sit at the public table, but at the same time had insisted that our servants should be admitted there, and that the visitors at the Hotel, disgusted at the gross outrage, had been compelled to rise and leave the table.

"I could only smile at the absurd accusation, and deemed it one of the gossipping and ephemeral paragraphs of a newspaper, the subject of an hour's chit-chat, and then to be forgotten. I therefore replied jestingly that there were 17 reasons why the alleged offence at Saratoga could not have been committed—the first was—that we had never been there. [Laughter.] I presumed that the other 16 reasons would not be required—[great laughter]—but I was mistaken. The report was not suffered to die a natural death; it was resuscitated day by day, nourished and amplified hour by hour, till at last the conviction was forced upon me, that what I had at first looked upon as a harmless mistake, was, on the contrary, a regularly organized deliberate falsehood, systematically planned and persevered in, for the purpose of creating a rancorous feeling against us in the public mind, and thus, at once, irreparably injuring us on our first appearance at this Theatre. I asked advice as to the propriety of openly contradicting these reports, but was assured that such a step was quite uncalled for I thought so myself, but I was wrong again. The night of our first appearance arrived. The Theatre was crowded to the ceiling, chiefly with gentlemen; hundreds were turned away from the doors, but very few ladies had dared to venture within them—in short, it was clear that a riot was anticipated. When Mrs. Mathews appeared upon the stage, the cheers were enthusiastic, but the ominous sounds of disapprobation were also to be heard—a deafening shout of applause, however, from the more liberal portion of the audience, at once silenced those sounds. On the symphony of her first song being played, disapprobation again manifested itself, and was again checked as before. I was thunderstruck, and made up my mind that the torrent of ill-feeling was only stemmed, from motives of gallantry, until my appearance, which would doubtless be the signal for a general tumult. Judge, then, of my surprise, ladies and gentlemen, at meeting with the most cordial welcome, without a single dissentient voice. How was this? Was I not the proper person to have been attacked? Was I not the person answerable for the misconduct alleged against us? No—hers was the talent they sought to disparage. The secret was at once explained—the disapprobation had just as much to do with our conduct in America, as it had with the late general election. [Laughter and cheers.]

"I must not trespass too much upon your patience, ladies and gentlemen, by entering more into detail. Suffice it to say, that since the failure of this attempt to mar our first appearance and drive us from your stage, no efforts have been left untried to bring about the same end by other means. The press, that is, a portion of it, has been industriously employed in writing us down. Why, or by whom instigated, I do not wish here to enquire; but if it be any triumph to them to know it, I beg to assure them that they have fully succeeded. They have not only utterly destroyed our professional prospects, but have undermined the health and spirits of the lady they have chosen to make the object of their unmanly attack.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I appeal to yourselves—can you blame me for at once ending the injustice, by removing my wife from a persecution she is so unaccustomed to? [Cries of 'No, no—certainly not,' from the boxes.] Look for one moment calmly at the circumstances. A malicious report is invented and put into circulation without the least enquiry into its truth, throughout the whole of the United States. I do not speak figuratively, but literally; I have received newspapers containing bitter invectives against us from all parts of the Union—(who could have imagined that we were of such consequence in the eyes of the New World?) And all about what? Nothing but our conduct at Saratoga, where we have never been! [Laughter and much applause.]

"Now, in conclusion, Gentlemen,—I appeal to you as gentlemen, I appeal to you as men of business—leaving all feeling out of the question—let us view this affair in the light of a commercial speculation, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence—of "dollars." Is it *likely* that we should have behaved in the manner ascribed to us? We came to this country with one avowed object,—to make a certain sum of money in a given time. That sum was secured to us in England before starting. Good houses or bad houses we were to be paid the same. There was only one thing indispensable, viz.: to please. Now to have acted as we are said to have done, must have been either the result of ignorance, in which case surely we ought to have been held guiltless of evil intention, or the result of a deliberate wish to insult the people of America whose good opinion it was so much our interest to gain, and thereby defeat the sole object of our voyage.—I repeat was such conduct probable? There are only two views that could be taken of the circumstance had it been true, and I hope it is unnecessary for me to pledge my honor that there is not the slightest foundation for this base falsehood. [Deafening and repeated applause]

"I have done. Your kindness, ladies and gentlemen, let me assure you, will ever be deeply and gratefully remembered by us both, and I trust that notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances under which we have appeared before you, you have not found us flag in our efforts to please those who have generously endeavored to support us. [Great applause.] We have fought up against the attack with all our strength, but the enemy has proved too much for us, and, at length, after mature deliberation, we are compelled to adopt the only alternative left us, that of abandoning the field. In the name of Mrs. Mathews and myself, allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to bid you, and for ever, most respectfully Farewell."

In whatever light Mr. Mathews may choose to regard his success, we unhesitatingly pronounce it "no failure." The coolness with which he and his wife were received in the first engagement, has been fast disappearing: every night has added to their popularity and the number of their admirers, and a third engagement would be more profitable than either of the previous ones. We have already recorded our opinions upon the subject of the causes which obstructed their early and complete success; nor do we find reason to change those opinions in the detailed, but somewhat prejudiced, address of Mr. Mathews, nor in the flippant assertions of a portion of the daily press. It would be idle to pursue the topic, but in vindication of the taste of the town and of our country, we will again repeat, that all our judicious play-goers regard Mr. and Mrs. Mathews as the most finished artists, in their line, that have yet visited America,—that all regret the loss we are to sustain by their premature return.

But we will not resign the hope that we are again to see CHARLES MATHEWS in "the States." Recovering from the annoyance which he has suffered from this, his first trial, we hope to find him reviewing more calmly the circumstances which then prevented the attainment of the full measure of success, and resolving, like a man of spirit as he is, to yet make conquest of the Yankees. Madame VESTRIS can scarcely be expected to leave again the scenes of her "unvarying professional success" in London;—the *Olympic* is already languishing from her short absence, and the whole London press deplore her visit to this country. She will never be spared from Wyche-street again, so long as she retains a tithe of her present fascination, and we will not therefore vainly hope to see her again in America. But Charles Mathews must come back to us when he gets calmer and cooler, and he may trust us, that if ever the desire of extending his professional fame, or the exigencies of an actor's life, compel him to a change of scene, he will receive from the Yankees a renewed welcome, as cordial and hearty as "the enthusiastic applause" which first greeted him in America, nor was once denied him while he remained with us.

On Wednesday evening Mr. POWER commenced a farewell engagement in *Rory O'More*, that "damn funny fellow" of whom New Yorkers never tire. He has played each evening since, and will continue with us next week. His houses have all been good. The most "shocking bad" weather will not keep folks from seeing him, and he will draw with accumulating power till the finish, when seats in "the Shakspeare" will command a premium.

It is rumored that Mr. Power is to be followed by AUGUSTA in "*La Bayadere.*" This engagement will give universal satisfaction, as thousands of the old Park goers have long been languishing for another sight of this admired and graceful fair one. If the management will but follow up this with the engagement of CARADORI ALLAN, we shall receive some recompense for the untimely departure of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews.

The National.—Mr. FORREST has been doing at this house what POWER has done at the other—they have had the town at their mercy, and "divided the spoils" with the *nonchalance* of successful politicians. Mr. Forrest has appeared in *Spartacus*, *Metamora*, and *Claude Melnotte*, and CELESTE appears next week.

It has been imputed to us that we have been somewhat harsh in our comments upon the *Corps de Ballet*, recently produced at this house, and which was so unlike what we had been lead to expect. We therefore quote the following from a vigorous and caustic article in the "New Yorker" of last week:—

"If we may judge from the appearance of the houses at the National for the last three weeks, the public do not show themselves remarkably sensible of the manager's efforts to elevate the drama. His *corps de ballet* is a melancholy humbug, and has been nightly greeted with the emptiest of empty benches. His *dancing* girls (Terpsichore forgive us!) are coarse-looking, graceless, uninteresting creatures, who go through their evolutions with the mechanical spirit of a pump-handle. Why will not Mr. Wallack do something to prove that his theatre has some claim to the title of a "*National*" establishment!"

If by the concluding line the "New Yorker" would wish Mr. Wallack to make his ballet any more *national* than it is, we entirely dissent.

THE GOSSIP OF THE MIRROR.

Those who have read the "*Letter from under a Skylight*," in our last, will be pleased to see the annexed manly and conclusive refutation of the slanders alluded to, from the pen of Mr. WILLIS. It more than confirms every statement of our correspondent, and leaves the "*Mirror*" in an attitude as humiliating as it is conspicuous:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

DEAR SIR,—In the Mirror of Oct. 20th, an English correspondent undertakes to set your readers right upon the characters, birth, position, etc., of Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, Mrs. Norton, Miss Landon, Mr. Ainsworth, and Miss Jane Porter. I name them in the order in which they are discussed. My object in noticing his letter is simply to correct the writer's mistakes. As he is mistaken in every single assertion (probably from complete ignorance of the persons named) it may be worth while to give these little errata a place in the Mirror.

Lady Blessington *is not* "the offspring of an Irish washer-woman." Her father is well known to have been a gentleman, the editor and proprietor of the "Clonmel Herald" newspaper. Instead of being "induced when very young to quit the Emerald Isle, by an officer in the army," she was honorably married at her father's house, to Captain Farmer, of the army, whose insane brutality subsequently drove her to the false step, of which all the world (except your correspondent) probably knows the history. I pass the comments upon her person. They were written by one who has never seen her.

Count D'Orsay is called "a French adventurer, a sponge, and a gambler." A mark of interrogation, too, is put after his title! I will merely set against these assertions the common facts, that the Count is the son of General Count D'Orsay, one of the most ancient nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain; that his sister, the Duchess de Guiche, is at present the londstar of the rank, fashion, and beauty of France; that Bulwer is domesticated at the house of Count D'Orsay in London; and that Landseer, Fonblanque, James Smith, and other men of genius, are well known to be the Count's associates and friends. Instead of marrying Lord Blessington's daughter "in compliance with a clause in his will," he was married during Lord Blessington's life-time, with the most eager compliance on the part of his daughter. Their subsequent separation is understood to be upon the usual grounds of incompatibility of temper, with which the world has no more to do than with other cases of the same description. The property *was not* "equally divided," nor has the Count "wasted his share," which is an allowance from the Court of Chancery pending the settlement of the property.

Of Mrs. Norton, I personally know less—but after reading her late touching and broken-hearted appeal to the public against the calumny of the press, I should want her guilt written out with a sunbeam, to sleep well after adding my blot to her good name. It should say something for Mrs. Norton, that a circle upon whose purity even the rude breath of London calumny has never breathed (that of Lady Lansdowne) has upheld, and still upholds her confidently.

In one flighty period your correspondent announces the infamy of Miss Landon to the American people. I venture to assure the American people, that a woman more esteemed by all who know her, for her modesty and proper conduct, sits not by their firesides. By her industry and economy she has not only supported herself, but educated a brother; and she has now made an honorable marriage, and stands as high above want as she does above the mutterings of calumny. She needs no defender, but at this distance I may arrest an untruth.

"Miss Porter," says your correspondent, "is about the best of the set." What set? To my certain knowledge, Miss Porter is not personally acquainted with Lady Blessington, nor with Mrs. Norton, nor with Count D'Orsay. Your correspondent speaks of D'Israeli at Miss Porter's "*tea-parties.*" *Miss Porter never gave a tea-party in London in her life.* While her sister and mother lived, they occupied a retired cottage in the country, and since their death, Miss Porter has been the honored guest of her friends—a circle of the choicest and most virtuous nobility of England. "Jane," says your correspondent again, "possesses the least ostentation of the whole lot." I trust it is unnecessary, in any refined circle of our country, to extricate Miss Porter from even the shadow of this rude implication. If complete dignity, universal respect, honor and reverence hedge about any living genius, it is Jane Porter. I would not have believed that there was an Englishman ignorant of this. I am sure there is no American who is not better informed. This side the water, there is no one that could write a slighting word of that gifted and revered woman. She lives in all our hearts, as the authoress of the purest and most elevating books we remember, and that were enough to secure her the respect that is her due, even did we know nothing of her private worth.

In your introductory remarks to this "letter from an English correspondent," you say that you have been "much censured for publishing the other side of the story," and you "trust you shall please all parties by giving this." If it be wrong to lean to the charitable side of a calumnious tale, you have been wrong indeed. The foul columns of the London Satirist and Age will furnish you as much as you can print of your correspondent's "side of the story," and there is not an eminent name mentioned in your columns, which these caterers will not furnish you a worm to slime over withal. Your correspondent says the lustre of the Mirror has been dimmed by representing these personages better than he paints them. Long may that reproach be made to *me*; but, if I may take up his figure, I trust that his own "*setting right*" is but a passing breath on the face of the "Mirror," that will leave it, like a chance mist, and never cloud it again. N. P. W.

MUNGO MACKAY, THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

BY A BLUE NOSE.

Of all the amateur lovers of wit, or regular professors of jesting, Heaven defend me from the entire tribe of practical jokers. There is no race more dangerous to the peace of mankind, or who commit more outrages upon the good sense and good feeling of society. I can endure a mere verbal wit, a perpetrator of puns, or an inventor of quaint sayings and humorous anecdotes; I can tolerate even an ill-natured satirist, provided there be something like impromptu in the fun or the mischief: but when a fellow descends to plot, to introduce machinery, and erect a regular battery of malicious drollery against his neighbor, "Put me a whip in every honest hand to scourge the rascal naked through the world." I have tried hard,—for some whose good qualities I respected have been given to this vice,—but never could preserve a lasting friendship with a practical joker. The wife of his bosom is not safe; how thence can the chance acquaintance or intimate friend hope for enduring courtesy and esteem? I have known a man disinherited for indulging this evil propensity upon his father. I have known two men sent out to exchange shots of a cold morning, because a neighbor, to make sport at the expense of the one, had breathed what was meant for humor, but was in reality foul suspicion, into the ear of the other. But of all the mad devotees to the science of practical joking, of all the inveterate manufacturers of mischief in this line of acting, the most notorious, the most systematically troublesome that ever I heard of, was Mungo Mackay, of the good town of Boston, in Massachusetts' Bay. Others followed the sport as most men follow the hounds, or cultivate music, for recreation; but Mackay might be said to follow it as though it were his trade. With them it is the bye-play, with him it was the business of life. It was food and raiment to him; he could not exist without a plot against the tranquillity of his neighborhood; he laughed but when others were in a rage, and enjoyed life to mark when those around him were suffering from the results of his inventive genius. His father died just as he had grown to man's estate, leaving him a comfortable independence; and from that period he passed his days and nights in a crusade against the peace of the good people of Boston. He was an Ishmaelitish wit; for truly, "his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," and the hand of every woman too, from the River Charles to South Boston, and for many miles round the villages, by a semi-circle of which the ancient capital of the land of steady habits is enclosed.

It is not my intention to write the life of this eccentric individual, although I have read less amusing, and perhaps less instructive biographies than it would make; but I shall throw together a few passages, that the readers of Bentley's Miscellany may know what manner of man he was, and that some enterprising publisher may be induced to send out a scribe in the Great Western to gather up the anecdotes of him that are scattered as profusely as plums in a good pudding, in the memories of those whose ancestors he delighted to torment. Pass we then over his juvenile days of pristine wickedness, over countless manifestations of precocious talents, that we may come without further preface to a few of those exhibitions of ripened genius which prove him to have been a master of his art.

One cold, raw November night, in the year 18—, the wind blew as though it would blow down old Faneuil Hall, and the rain fell in such torrents that Bunker Hill was nearly washed away. The sky was as black as "All round my hat!" and the air was compounded of that delightful admixture of frost and moisture, in which there is enough of the latter to open the pores, while the former goes directly to the heart. In the midst of this rumbling of the elements, a tall figure might be seen winding stealthily along through narrow streets and lonely alleys, shod with a pair of fishermen's boots, and enveloped in a huge pea-jacket, for india rubbers and Mackintoshes were unknown in those days, until it halted under the window of a lonely cottage, at some distance from the town, and, the family having been some time in bed, knocked violently at the door. At first his rude summons was unanswered; but after repeated thumps, a bed-room window was thrown up, and a voice demanded who was there?

"Pray, sir," said Mackay—for it was he, "will you be kind enough to tell me if a person named Nutt lives in this neighborhood?"

"To be sure he does," replied the voice from the window; "he lives here."

"I am glad of that," said M., "for the night is very stormy, and I have something of great importance to communicate to him."

"Of great importance—of great importance, did you say? I know of nothing very important that can concern me at this hour of the night; but whatever it is, let me hear it. I am the person you want."

"Speak a little louder, if you please," said M., "I am somewhat deaf, and the spout makes such a noise. Did you say your name was Nutt?"

"Certainly I did; and I wish you would make haste to communicate whatever you have to say, for I have nothing on but my shirt and night-cap, and the wind is whistling through me, nation cold."

"Have you got an uncle in Boston,—childless, and very old,—worth ten thousand dollars?"

At this question a long pointed white nightcap was thrust out of the window; and in an instant, together with the shirt-collar that followed, it was saturated with rain. "What did you say about an uncle, and ten thousand dollars? There is my uncle Wheeler is very old, and very rich; but what of him?"

"Oh! nothing as yet, till I am certain of my man. There may be a good many Nutts about here. It is John Nutt I want."

"I am the man!" said the voice in the nightcap. "There is no mistake. There is not a man for twenty miles round of the name of Nutt but me; and besides my name is John; and I have an uncle in Boston." By this time the whole back and sleeves of the shirt were out of the window, the tassel at the end of the white nightcap nearly touched the green palings in front of the house; and, had there been light enough to have seen, a painter might have caught an attitude of straining anxiety, and a face, or rather two faces, for by this time there was a female peering over Nutt's shoulder, beaming with the anticipation of good fortune to come.

"Well," said Mackay, very deliberately, "I suppose I may venture to speak out; but mind, if there is any mistake, you cannot say it was my fault."

"No, certainly not!" cried two voices from the window.

"You say your name is John Nutt, do you?"

"I do."

"Well then, all that I have to say is, *may the Devil crack you!*"

The two heads were drawn in like lightning from the rain; and, as the window was slammed down with a violence that bespoke rage and disappointment, a loud horse-laugh rose upon the wind, and the lover of practical jokes turned on his heel to trudge homeward through the mist, as the good woman inside was going in search of the tinder-box to enable her to hunt up dry chemises, shirts, and nightcaps.

This story was many years afterwards done into verse, after the manner of Coleman the Younger, by a clever student of Harvard University; but all that I remember of the poetry are two concluding lines.

"And if your name be certainly John Nutt,
Why, then, the devil crack you!"

Another of his tricks had very nearly broken a poor fellow's neck; but I verily believe that if it had, it would have been all the same to Mackay, who seemed to think that the whole human race had only been created for him to play pranks upon; or perhaps he quieted his conscience by the belief that the amusement afforded to the many more than counterbalanced the annoyance, and sometimes actual pain, which he dealt out to the few.

Old Ben Russell, or Major Russell, as he was usually styled, was a tall fine looking man, at that time in the prime of life, strong as Hercules, but with a good deal of the neatness of dress and polished manners of a gentleman of the old school. He had for many years owned and edited the Boston Centinel, and prided himself upon two things,—always having his paper out at a certain time, and always having in it the most exact and authentic intelligence. No man in the city could at a word tell you so correctly the position of contending armies in the last European battles, or the points at issue in the latest Continental negotiation. When two armies went into the Netherlands for a summer's work, and as Sergeant Cotten, the Waterloo guide, says, "Ain't it the cockpit of Europe? no matter where they quarrel, they're sure to come here to fight!" Ben Russell unfurled the map of the country upon the wall of his sanctum as soon as they unfurled their banners in the field; and two pins, the one black and the other white, stuck through the map, served to mark the places at which they first entered the country, or opened the campaign. Those pins shifted their positions, and either advanced or retired as the belligerents changed their ground; and when any part of the main force was detached, a pin of a small size was seen to watch its line of march, and declare its operations. The editor by this simple contrivance could not only tell at a glance, by looking at his pins, where the armies were; but by tracing the holes which the pins had left behind them, could read you off from his maps, at the conclusion of a long war, the history of every campaign.

As this worthy, but somewhat fiery and dignified person, was bending over the last proof of his editorial column, which contained a "leader" of some importance in his eyes, inasmuch as it gave the latest intelligence from France, and corrected an error which had appeared in the Boston Gazette relative to the movements of General Dumourier, a strange kind of clinking noise was heard at the foot of the long stair-case which led to the printing-office, at one end of which was Ben's sanctum, where he was examining the proof aforesaid. Nearer and nearer came the noise, as footsteps appeared to ascend the staircase,—clink—clink—clink! Everybody wondered what it was; the devil stopped scraping the ball, for rollers, like Mackintoshes, were not dreamt of then, the compositors leaned on their left feet and left elbow—as compositors will when there is likely to be any sport, and the pressman stood at the bank, with the heap between his arms, and his ear turned towards the door. Ben Russell heard the strange noise upon the stair, and he noticed the kind of dead calm which had suddenly came over the printing-office, at a moment too of all others, when he felt that every body should be on the alert, in order that the "Centinel" might go to press. Ben liked neither the noise nor the silence; and as the clink—clink! came nearer and nearer, his choler rose with the cause of it, until just as it boiled up to his teeth, and was sure to flow over on somebody, a tall, raw-boned fellow with a stick over his shoulder, on which was slung a motley collection of small iron and wire wares, stalked into the office. To Ben Russell's furious "What the —— do you want?" the itinerent worker in iron and wire deigned not any reply; but threw off his back a load of ladles, screeners, fleshforks, gridirons, and pot-covers, with as much coolness as if he had just entered his own cabin after a profitable day's work. Ben stared at him with a gaze of mingled astonishment and vexation, as though he were a little doubtful whether the fellow's strange behavior proceeded from impudence or ignorance; but time was precious. He interrogated him again, when the following dialogue ensued.

"What do you want, fellow?"

"I'm no fellow. And, if I was, I wants nothing of you."

"You impudent scoundrel! do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"To be sure I do; you are Mr. Russell's foreman, and a great man, I dare say, you think yourself when he's out; but when he's to home you sing small enough, I warrant! Now you see, I did not come up here without knowing something about you and your ways; for when your master bargained with me for my notions here, says he, 'Carry them up into my printing-office,' pointing up here, 'and wait till I come to give you the money. And,' says he, giving me a wink, 'you'll see my foreman up there,—a tall chap, with his head powdered,—a damned impudent fellow; but don't mind him—throw down your load, and take a chair;'" and, as this speech was concluded, the imperturbable intruder sat down in the only spare seat there was in the office, crossed his legs, and began fumbling in a long, deep pocket for a piece of tobacco.

For two minutes there was silence, not in heaven, but from the queer name given to at least one of its inhabitants, in a place of a different description. Of the pressmen and compositors it may be truly said that struck with amazement at the fellow's effrontery, "the boldest held his breath for a time;" while the devil skulked in behind an old staircase, that he might be out of harm's way in the row which he knew was to come.

Like most proud and irritable men, Russell was for a moment thrown off his guard by such an unexpected attack upon the sanctity of his roof, and the dignity he had always maintained in the eyes of his people. He sprang to his feet; but for a brief space stood staring at the wire-worker with eyes that, if they had been "basilisks," would certainly have "struck him dead." One, two, three bounds, and Ben had the tall man by the throat, and would have dashed his brains out upon the floor; but Jonathan saw him coming, braced his right foot, firmly advanced his left, and was not to be taken by surprise. The death-struggle between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu was nothing to it; to and fro, and round and round they went, sometimes stumbling over those miscellaneous ornaments which are to be found on a printing-office floor, and occasionally oversetting a galley of matter, or kicking their heels through a standing form. The workmen would have interfered; but their master's blood was up, and, with the chivalric spirit of that profession to which his leisure hours were devoted, he wanted no odds against a single opponent.

The combatants were well matched; but Ben had a perfect knowledge of the ground, which gave him the advantage: so that, after upsetting the countryman over sundry type-boxes and paper-heaps, with the exact localities of which he was familiar, he succeded in pushing him through the door, with his back against a stout wooden railing, which protected the landing-place from those flights of stairs up which Jonathan had wound so recently, unconscious of the prospect before him of a much more rapid descent. To pitch each other over the bannisters was now the *coup-de-main* to be achieved. Ben had got the fellow's spine twisted, and his head and shoulders overhanging the staircase; but Jonathan had hold of his collar with both hands; and, besides, had his long legs twisted round the small of his back. They had wrestled in this way for five minutes, and the wire-worker's strength was beginning to fail from the twisting of his back-bone over the rail, when just as his legs began to fail, and his grasp to relax, and as Ben was preparing for one mighty effort, by which the victory was to be secured, a horrible horse-laugh—something between a real guffaw and a yell,—struck upon his ear; and looking through the window in front of him, he saw Mungo Mackay at the window of the Exchange Coffee House opposite, shaking his sides as though there were a whole volcano under his midriff. In an instant Ben understood the trick. "*That infernal fellow Mackay? By heavens! I'll cowhide him within an inch of his life!*" he exclaimed as he drew Jonathan in from the dangerous position where he hung, and stood him on his feet. But Russell was too good a fellow to bear malice long; and moreover he was so rejoiced that he had not committed homicide in addition to making himself ridiculous, that after a few hours his resentment passed off, and to the day of his death he was never tired of telling the story.

There is no part of the world where a new preacher, whether new-lights or blue-lights, produces a greater sensation than in Boston,—though after he is gone, the people may relapse into their quiet Unitarian paths, still they have no objection to wander out of them in search of any novelty in religion; and if they do not always change their belief with every fresh importation, they at least pay him the compliment of hearing what he has got to say. There happened to be, during the period of which I am speaking, one of those wandering theological meteors blazing around Boston, and people from every lane and by-way flocked to see it, not with pieces of smoked glass in their fingers, but with ten-cent-pieces and York shillings, to drop into the green box, by way of adding fuel to the flames. So great was the crowd, that the ordinary rules about the quiet possession of pews for which the owners had paid were entirely broken down; everybody took that seat which suited him best, and those who came late sat down in the places left to them by those who had come early. One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to the church by times, took his seat in a central pew, just under the shadow of the pulpit, and sat bolt upright, with his arms extended with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person, and in a little time the whole church was full to overflowing.

The psalm was sung, the prayer said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precept of brotherly love,—upon the beauty of universal benevolence,—on the pleasure which arises, not only from clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the thorny path is softened and adorned. In the language of the critics in such matters, "there was not a dry eye in the place:" the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected; he wept with them; the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one else was busy with their handkerchiefs wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had by strokes of his eloquence caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mackay held his arms stiff and straight, while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of the female friends were not slow to observe this; for in addition to the evident signs of deep feeling which he exhibited, his face was rather a handsome face. He wriggled, fidgeted, looked confused and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no kerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress.

At length a young widow lady, who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and,—heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow,—after one or two downcast looks and fluttering pauses, she said in an under tone,

"Pray, sir, is there anything the matter with you? You appear to be unwell."

"Ah! madam," breathed Mackay in a whisper, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away."

In an instant a fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes; the fair Samaritan, seeming to rejoice in the first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with right good will. When she had done, M. looked unutterable obligations, but whispered that she would increase them a thousand fold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succoring the distressed; and to a person who has done you one kind action, the second seems always easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's cutwater; but the moment that it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was, in fact, more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn; the deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter; and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom, being so intent upon her object, or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in the church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played off for their amusement. A general titter now ran round the place,—"nods and becks, and wreathed smiles" were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths, which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above.

At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, and the blessing given, amidst stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow, up to this point, feeling strong in the consciousness of having performed a virtuous action upon a good-looking face, heeded not the gaze of the curious nor the smiles of the mirthful; but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of his paralytic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat-pocket for his gloves! Though the unkindest cut of all was yet to come; for Mackay having drawn them on, and opened the pew door, turned, and bowing to his fair friend, put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear,

"*Is it not, madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine-looking Roman nose like mine, than upon such a queer little snub as you have?*"

Bentley's Miscellany for October.

WILD SPORTS OF THE FAR WEST.

We take the following description of a *Buffalo Hunt* from an interesting article in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, in which the writer gives an account of "A few weeks' Adventures Among the Hudson's Bay Company's Fur Traders, in the autumn of 1836," in the north-west territory of Upper Canada:—

Mr. C—— soon made arrangements for our next day's hunt. About a dozen trappers were ordered to set out before daybreak on horseback with led horses, and with the hounds in leash, for the edge of the prairie, distant about twelve miles. Here they were to remain quiet, avoiding exposing themselves to the view of the wild horses and buffaloes. A party of Indians were to disperse in different directions, keeping in the forest, but ready to advance in small parties to the edge of the prairie as soon as the hunt began, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the herd from our movements, and of preventing their retreat into the woods. We were to follow to the rendezvous soon after daybreak, accompanied by several half-breeds on horseback; and, after breakfasting, were to mount fresh horses for the hunt, leaving those we rode out on to the care of some of the Indians till our sport was over, when we would return to them.

These preliminaries being settled, we returned to the house, and soon after retired for the night. I was very tired with my day's excursion, and would willingly have gone to sleep at once; but my imagination was too busy, depicting the sport of the following day, to allow me to do so till far on in the night. And I had not been asleep long before I was without ceremony pulled out of bed by Charles, who told me that Mr. C—— was ready and impatient to set off. Having made my appearance, we partook of a slight refreshment, and then, having picked up a quantity of provisions of various kinds, with plenty of ammunition, and given them and our guns to the care of some twenty Indians and half-breeds who accompanied us, we mounted and set off. Our own horses had been sent on about three hours before so as to be quite fresh; by the time we began the hunt, we formed a pretty large party; and, as we trotted leisurely through the gloomy labyrinths of the forest, the occasional neighing of the horses, the crackling of the decayed branches under their feet, and even the sounds of our voices, were re-echoed in every direction by the tall columns around us. These sounds—frequently accompanied by the distant howl of a hungry wolf, as he sullenly dragged his gaunt form back to his den—probably having been unsuccessful in his search for prey during the night—or the more cheerful sound of the wild turkey or grouse cock calling to his mate, or the merry tap-tap of the woodpeckers, the cooing of the woodpigeons, or the chirping of numerous small birds—enlivened the still obscure scene.

On the way I received many instructions as to how I must conduct myself during the hunt, I being quite a novice so far as regarded buffalo hunting. Mr. C—— related many anecdotes of the escapes he and his fellow-hunters had had from enraged or wounded bison bulls. On one occasion, he and three companions went out for a hunt. It was early in July—the season when the bulls are in heat, and consequently very furious. They rode boldly among the herd, and, selecting a fat cow, with a calf by her side, all fired together, and brought her down. "The herd," said he, "had not seemed to take much notice of our party; but, as soon as we fired, they floundered off in all directions. We dismounted, and, having hoppled the calf, which affectionately remained to witness its mother's decease, we proceeded to bleed and dissect the cow. While thus engaged, I observed a buffalo, disengaged from the herd, approaching us. On calling my companions' attention to the circumstance, one of them insisted on going to meet and having a shot at it. We expostulated with him, pointed out the danger of attacking, single-handed, an animal, which, from its manner of approach, seemed to have no amicable intentions; but he would have his way, and we contented ourselves with reloading our rifles, and preparing to follow him. We were on the side of a small elevation, and therefore could only see one side of the prairie, and it was on the other side that our friend and the buffalo were. While mounting our horses, we heard a shot, and immediately after a loud cheer. We proceeded up the slope at a canter, but had not gone a dozen yards, when we heard the peculiar thundering noise which heavy feet make upon the prairie. Just as we reached the top, a fearful sight presented itself; our friend galloped furiously past about an hundred yards distant from us. We could hear the loud panting of the horse, and see the flakes of foam dropping from its mouth, as, with convulsive energy, it bounded along. About twenty yards behind him was the buffalo—apparently an enormous bull, bellowing with rage, and tearing up the ground with his horns, as he madly rushed on after our poor friend, lately the hunter, but now the hunted. Not a moment was to be lost; we galloped on, keeping at a wary distance on one side, and ready to fire at the moment we got within shot. One of the hunters, a half brother to our apparently devoted comrade Pierre, kept up within two hundred yards of the buffalo; the other hunter and I, finding the distance increasing rather than diminishing, began to despair of getting up in time for a rescue, when suddenly Pierre changed his course, and made off at nearly right angles to his former direction, thus getting the start of the buffalo, and giving us the opportunity to ride across to meet him. We spurred on our horses, and in a few minutes were considerably in advance of Pierre and his pursuer; we each took our station at a few yards' distance on either side of the course, and raised our rifles ready to fire. In another moment, Pierre dashed by between us. We both fired at the maddened animal behind him. Whether wounded by my ball or not, I do not know, but in an instant it rushed on me. My eyes began to darken, I felt a severe pain, and then became unconscious of what passed, until I was recovered by the usual remedies of brandy and cold water, and then found that my left arm and three ribs were broken. I had been lifted off my horse on the bison's horns and pitched up in the air. My poor horse was gored terribly; it died on our return. Pierre's brother, on coming up, fired at the monster, on which it left us and trotted off to the herd, probably mortally wounded; but we were in no condition to pursue it. Pierre never stopped his furious career till far within the shades of the forest. When his half brother got up to him, he found that extreme terror had deprived him of speech. He, however, recovered his speech before night, and informed us of the circumstances. He had fired at the animal; it tottered and fell, which was the occasion of the cheer we heard; he then trotted up to it, reloading as he went on, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the buffalo was on his legs, Pierre threw down his rifle, and the chase began. "I," concluded Mr. C——, "was assisted home, and was confined to bed for several weeks after; however, both Pierre and I have shot many buffaloes since then."

The foregoing is a specimen of the anecdotes narrated on our way to the prairie. The circumstances were very various, but the moral of all seemed to be this, that a wounded bison, especially a bull, was a dangerous antagonist, and I determined to be cautious during the day's sport. I was horribly annoyed by mosquitoes as we drew near the prairie, more so than I have ever been since the first summer or two after I arrived in America, and I had forgotten my usual remedy—viz., a few cigars; they made me scratch my face so that Mr. C—— declared I looked like an Indian warrior returning in triumph from a victory, with his face adorned with stripes of the blood of his enemies.

As we drew near the prairie, we could hear the distant bellowing of the buffaloes; and wherever there was an opening among the trees, we could see them, like dark spots, in every direction on the plain. On reaching the appointed rendezvous, we breakfasted, and then, having ascertained that the Indians were either on their way to, or at their proper places, we each stuck a pair of long pistols into our belts, and, accompanied by one-and-twenty hunters, mounted the fresh horses, and with the hounds coupled, proceeded, two and two, towards the herds. When within half a mile of them, they began to move off slowly, every now and then looking round and bellowing. Charles called to me to observe the use and training of the dogs, which were at this moment slipped. They bounded off towards the nearest herd, and now the sport began. The hounds were trained to hunt in couples. These ran together, and, singling out a buffalo, kept leaping round and before it, snapping at it when it attempted to run, and dexterously avoiding the furious rushes it made at them, and distracting its attention, until the hunters came up and shot it. Several were soon killed in this way, and many more would have been, had not our attention been at this time attracted by the yelling of some of the hounds at a distance, and the shouting of the hunters. We found that some of the dogs had set on to an old bull, which proved rather more difficult to deal with than those already shot. He had tossed two of the hounds, and was now making off at full speed, with all the others at his heels, treading on some, and tossing the more forward of the others high in the air. Seeing the danger of the hounds, we rode off after him; but before we got up to him, one of the hounds seized the opportunity when the bison put down his head for a gore, ran between his legs, and laid hold of him by the under lip. In a moment his flight was stopped, and, before he could rid himself from his dependent enemy, we shot him dead by several balls through the brain.

We now saw the herd of buffaloes approaching, having been turned by the Indians sent to cut off their retreat. They rushed down a deep gully, the former bed of some tributary of the Fish River, while our whole party galloped off to meet them at the other extremity. We got there first, and, ranging ourselves in two lines on either side of the deep gully, presented our guns, and awaited their arrival. On they came. The foremost seemed aware of their danger, and would have returned; but the hundreds behind who could not see us, gored them on; so that, finding there was no retreat, they pushed on boldly, and tried to escape the danger by speed. We did not fire till about half passed before us, and then Mr. C—— gave the word, and each singling out his mark, fired, and then threw

ing down our guns and rifles, a few who had brought down their game, flew to take possession; while the others, and I among them, kept up with the ones we had fired at, wounded or not, and as soon as we had an opportunity, fired at them with our pistols. I had not the good fortune to kill my mark. Having got pretty near it, I fired one of the pistols at it, on which it turned round and looked so fierce that I left it to its meditation, and returned to the party, thankful that it did not follow me. I found Mr. C—— had been more fortunate in his aim than I had—he had shot a young buffalo. We proceeded to kindle a fire, cut out the tongue and hump, and make preparations for roasting the same. All the hunters and Indians had come up before we had completed the necessary preparations; and soon the smell of roast beef was sent far and wide over the prairie.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

MALIBRAN'S HUSBAND AND HER SISTER.

It is stated that De Beriot, the husband of Malibran, is about to marry M'dlle Pauline Garcia, the sister of his late wife. This is not likely, owing to the disparity in their years; but certain it is that Malibran's sister, prior to her death, and subsequent to it, has resided with De Beriot in his lovely villa, situated a short distance from Brussels, at the Chaussee d'Ixelles, on the road to Waterloo. Leopold, the King of the Belgians, is exceedingly fond of music; he plays with the skill of a master, and some of his compositions, which have been occasionally played in public, have filled his loyal subjects, *Les braves Belges*, with delight. De Beriot has the honor of being the first violinist to this musical monarch, and the Belgian court looks with great favor upon his protegee, Pauline Garcia. The first violinist, at the time of Malibran's death, was unsparingly assailed for his avarice, and for his alleged disregard of the deceased syren. The steady Belgians of Ixelles, and of Brussels, who had abundant opportunities of witnessing his conduct, declare that no husband ever discharged his duties in a more affectionate manner. As far, however, as avarice is concerned, although he has not allowed it to interfere with his conduct as a husband, or a parent, it cannot be denied that he is fond, very fond, of money. His wealth is considerable, and his conduct in bringing out Pauline Garcia to sing at a benefit for himself in Le Grand Theatre, at Brussels, at enormous prices for admission, not long after the melody of Malibran had been hushed in death, drew upon him some severe censure. During the last winter the frost set in in Belgium with unprecedented severity. The coal monopolists (actionaires) contrived to keep coal at an enormous price; and though the forest of Soignies was vastly curtailed of its immense proportions by the axe of the woodman, the sellers of firewood (*marchands des bois*) reaped a plentiful harvest by the high prices which they demanded and obtained for their commodity. So intense was the cold, that more than one sentry was frozen to death while on guard at the small prison, which is situated immediately at the rear of the beautiful Town-hall, or Hotel de Ville. To relieve the wants of the poor at this dreadfully inclement season, a concert was given, under the patronage of their Majesties. It was arranged to take place at the comfortable hour of seven in the evening. Leopold and his consort were present, and neither in their own persons, not in the appearance of their limited suite, could aught of "the pomp, pride, and circumstance," of royalty be discovered. It was upon this occasion that the writer first beheld Pauline Garcia. Her figure is *un peu petite*; it is somewhat between the dumpiness which Byron hated, and that engaging *en bon point*, which is so much admired. She is yet very young, so that it may be expected that her figure will be *bien plus gros* than that of Malibran. Some flattering friends of De Beriot have represented Pauline Garcia as likely to rival, if not excel, her lamented sister in the achievements of song. It is well known that her application has been great, and her tuition under De Beriot severe. Her voice has great compass, but where is the melodiousness of Malibran's? Where, too, is that "*soul* of music" which SHE breathed into all her performances? And where is the "magic of her arm!" Where the melting eloquence of HER eye? Those who expect to find MALIBRAN in Pauline Garcia will be sadly disappointed. It is generally supposed that De Beriot intends, at no distant period, to bring out Garcia on the London boards. When he does so, we hope, for his own sake, and for hers, it will be as Pauline Garcia, and not as Madame de Beriot. Should Garcia become the wife of De Beriot, the accusation of avariciousness, heretofore so loudly made against him, will be urged with greater force, and, we are bound to add, with greater plausibility.

The newspapers have recently stated that the splendid mausoleum designed by De Beriot to Malibran's memory, is at length completed, and will be shortly raised over her remains in the delightful little cemetery of Laecken. This churchyard is near to the lovely village of that name: it is close to the favorite rural palace of King Leopold, which was erected by Napoleon, and in which he determined upon two of the most extraordinary events in his career—viz., his separation from Josephine, and his disastrous war against Russia. The church of Laecken is very ancient, and its walls are covered with legends of many wonderful miracles alleged to have been wrought there. Perhaps, not even on the continent, is there a churchyard which displays more of what we will venture to call the caprice of affection. A blooming rose, falling from its stem, from which a serpent has just bitten it, marks the grave of a maiden who died the victim of unrequited love. A large heap of earth is piled upon the grave of a young officer, who fell during the three days of Brussels, and a plainly printed board tells the traveller that the parents of the deceased are upon a pilgrimage to the cemeteries of Europe, and will return to erect upon that mound a monument to his memory when they shall have found one worthy of their son. Malibran's remains repose near the centre of the cemetery. Within a few yards of her grave is a vault, the only inmates of which are the mother and father of a large and still surviving family. Upon the slab are two metal St. Andrews' crosses, the centres of which are composed of some highly transparent substance, and beneath which are locks of their childrens' hair, interwoven with their own. The inscription told the writer that sixteen months had closed over their tombs, and as many *couronnes immortelles* were suspended from an iron rail at the head of the grave. A crown is monthly deposited there by their surviving children. They are protected from the weather by a kind of awning; the rail from which they are suspended is secured by a chain, each link of which is composed of a coiled serpent—the emblem of that eternity of which Time is the herald, and Death the portal. Many of these crowns had faded, but the last was as fresh as the grief of those who had left it there. Malibran's tomb consists of a lofty dome, and the light falls from above upon a statue of the immortal *cantatrice*, in the last scene of *Fidelio*. This statue is seen by visitors through an aperture, and those who beheld the model in the studio of Greffs, the Chantry of Belgium, have assured the writer that it wants but life to make it Malibran. In the language of every tombstone in the romantic churchyard of Laecken —*Requiescat in pace*.

London Sunday Times, Sept. 30.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

If we remember right, we copied some time ago, from a Western paper, an account of a runaway affair, in which a brave girl and a coward lover were the principal characters. The scene was a ferry-time, mid winter, and the point of the story was, that the fearful lover had not courage enough to trust his precious person to the ferry-boat, and the dangers of the ice encumbered stream, although stimulated by the exhortations and example of his intended, for whom angry waves and floating masses of ice had no terrors when matrimony and the residence of a clergyman on the opposite bank were in full view. She was willing to dare the perils of the voyage, but his nerves were weak; and at length, with a just contempt for a lover so cowardly, she gave him his dismissal on the spot, and with her bridemaid returned, unmarried, to the house of her guardian, whose opposition to the match had driven her to the choice of an elopement.

Another number of the same "far west" paper in which the story first appeared, has found its way to the Atlantic borders; and in it we find the sequel of the tale, which we give in the language of the writer; who, by the way, avers with all solemnity, that it is no coinage of the brain, but strict though poetical reality. The story is related by a correspondent of the Backwoodsman, published somewhere in Illinois.

"You will remember enclosing to me, about two months after the story appeared in the Backwoodsman, a letter from a young man in Boston, earnestly requesting to be made acquainted with her name and residence, 'if,' as he expressed it, 'she has a local habitation and a name, and the account is not the coinage of some fertile imagination.'

"I gave him the information he requested, and the whole affair passed entirely from my mind, except when recalled by seeing the story copied into the various periodicals of the day.

"Shortly after, business called me to Galena, where I remained till within the last four weeks. I was descending to St. Louis with a cargo of lead, and delayed the steamer nearly an hour at the landing where the lovers crossed the Mississippi last winter. While taking on board and landing freight, I received a polite note signed by a lady, who requested me to call upon her in the cabin of the Fulton, another boat, which was also receiving passengers and freight. I accepted the invitation, and to my surprise, was met at the door by my old acquaintance, the heroine of the runaway match. Seizing me eagerly and affectionately by the hand, she introduced me to Mr. ——— as her *husband!* I was taken by surprise, but in a moment recovered my self-possession, and cordially accepted the proffered hand. I instantly recollected that his name was that of the young gentleman of Boston, whose letter of inquiry, I had received from you, and answered.

"I will spare you the incidents of their first acquaintance. It is sufficient to say that he came to Illinois immediately after receiving my letter—obtained an introduction to Miss A.—and presented to her guardian unquestionable evidence of his good character, the high standing and wealth of his family. In short, he won her heart and hand, with the full approbation of her prudent guardian.

"I sportively asked her why she did not wait till the ice ran in the river, when she could make a trial of the courage and disinterestedness of her caro sposo. She cast a look filled with tenderness and confidence upon her husband, and said in a playful manner, 'I urged Edward to wait till winter, but he would not.'

"They were on their way to Boston."

N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

AN ARRANT IMPOSTOR.

Some 3 or 4 weeks since, there arrived at Worchester from Albany, and took lodgings at the Worchester House, a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance, good manners, and pleasing address, who stated his name Benjamin Howes, that his father was a wealthy cotton planter in the vicinity of Lexington, Ga., and that he had come to the North to practice law, and at the same time to engage in the sale of cotton for his southern friends. He was hospitably received and entertained by many of the families in Worchester, and as he appeared to have plenty of money, which in the eyes of the generality of mankind, is the surest criterion of honesty, he very soon became a lion. Every body was talking of the rich Mr. Howes, and all the young ladies were setting their caps for him. Among other families, with whom he was familiar, was that of an Ex-Governor of Massachusetts, who was very much pleased with him, and frequently invited him to his house. These invitations Mr. Howes was not backward in accepting, and in return for the Governor's politeness, he did him the honor to cast a look of admiration upon his second daughter. Thus matters proceeded for two or three weeks in the ancient town of Worchester; Mr. Howes here, there, and every where. Did the ladies wish to make an excursion to a neighbouring village, Mr. Howes furnished horses and carriages and everything that was requisite. In the meantime his attentions to the fair lady continued, and all her friends congratulated her on the advantageous match she was about to make. In the midst, however, of all this hilarity and merry-making, a stage driver from Albany, happened one day to meet Mr Howes in the bar-room of the hotel, and accosting him in the most familiar manner.—"How are you Howes, what the d—— are you about here;" perfectly astonished the bystanders, who looked upon him as bereft of his senses. During their astonishment at the rash address of the knight of the whip—Mr. Howes had disappeared, and the next morning was off early for Boston.

Having arrived in the metropolis, he hired two rooms in Tudor's Building for his office, and furnished them in an elegant manner. He also offered a young man $500 per annum merely to remain in his office while he was occupied at his cotton warehouse, as he intened to divide his time between his law business and his cotton business. Thus matters proceeded for some days, when a gentleman from Worchester, who had been very attentive to him while there, and who had been informed by the Albany stage driver, that this same Howes was a notorious impostor, who had been spunging upon the Albanians for some months, and had run away without paying his bills, arrived in town and proceeded immediately to the office of Mr. Howes, whom he found within, the gentleman having just returned from his cotton ware house. The gentleman from Worchester immediately charged him with being an impostor, and severely reprimanded him for the course he had been pursuing. By way of palliation, the gentleman from Georgia stated that there was some mistake, and that he had letters of introduction to some of our first men, mentioning their names. The Worchester gentleman then called upon the individuals whom he named, and was informed that they knew nothing about him. In the mean time, Mr. Howes had been making tracks for the Providence Railroad, having left the Tremont House, without remembering to pay his bill. The conductors of that establishment, however, soon ascertained his departure, and sent an officer in pursuit of him, who found him ensconced between the locomotive and tender, making himself as small as possible to avoid detection.

When discovered, he started off in a brisk trot, but was soon overhauled, and was told, that in consideration of his father, the great cotton planter on the Altamaha, he should be discharged on giving up his watch. To this he consented, and was soon after on his way to New York, where he will probably attempt similar tricks upon the green horns of that gullible city.

Boston Express.

A LIVE MERMAID, AND NO MISTAKE.

A prodigious excitement prevails in Ireland, especially in the North, in consequence of an *actual living Mermaid*, which was recently caught in a salmon net at Honneraw Point, in the county of Donegal. There can be no mistake in this fact, as five or six papers corroborate it, in the important points; but the Derry Sentinel and the "Fermanagh Journal," are the most enthusiastic and particular in their descriptions. The first announcement appeared in the Sentinel, as follows:—

"*A Mermaid and no mistake.*—A very general disbelief in the existence of the Mermaid is likely to receive a severe shock from the truth of the following statement:—A creature in every respect answering the usual description of the 'sea woman,' was caught lately in the salmon nets at Honneraw Point, near Fahan, county Donegal. She is at present under the protection of a gentleman of that neighborhood, who has kindly permitted the country people, who are flocking in hundreds about the place, to 'see and believe.' The members of the Londonderry Natural History Society, we understand, are to investigate this extraordinary phenomenon, for the purpose of sending an immediate report of their observations to the British Association, sitting at Newcastle. We understand that if the novel monster should survive the sudden change in her situation, she will be sent to Viscount Melbourne as a present to the Queen; if not, the body will be preserved in spirits, and will grace the now forming museum of our local society. A minute description shall be given in our next."

The effect of this notice was, that at least a fourth of all the inhabitants of Derry, who could afford the expense, proceeded in a body to Honneraw, where they were admitted to an inspection of the singular creature; which is thus described in the Farmanagh Journal:—

"*The Mermaid.*—This is certainly a *sea woman*, and has such an expression of *intelligence* in its *countenance*, that we are absolutely inclined to think that it is a creature of *reason*, rather than of *instinct*. We do not mean to insinuate that it has any notion of abstract ideas; but the fact is, that there is an appearance of confusion about it that would seem to indicate sentiments of shame, fear, and supplication. It weighs about seventy pounds, and is altogether *human* in its *outward* organization from the head to the navel, where the fins begin to develope itself, and the remainder is formed very like the extremity of a large dolphin. The skin of the face and the breast is a whitish brown—the eyes are black, and the nose purely aquiline; and its eye brows, lips, and chin, are models for a sculptor. The hair is long and thick; the creature's principal amusement seems to be to stroke it downward with her webbed, but otherwise very perfect fingers. It looks to be twelve or fourteen years old; and regards people, occasionally, as if it had an inclination to *speak*; and we are solemnly of opinion that, when in its native element, it makes its wishes known through the medium of its tongue. Altogether indeed, it is the most singular being we ever witnessed, and excites feelings in the breasts of beholders, at least as much akin to awe as to curiosity. Can it have a soul and be an accountable creature? At all events, we shall examine it closely this week, and report particulars."

We shall look with great anxiety for our next files of Irish papers, on the receipt of which we trust to be able to furnish our readers with some fuller information in relation to this surprising phenomenon.

IRISH BOTHERATION.

On Thursday, Kitty Moran made her appearance before Mr. Chambers and Mr. Hall, at Marlborough-street, to charge Peggy Kimmins with an assault.

I wint, yer hanner (began Kitty,) to the kitchen to warm a drink for me baby, who's sick, in the carfee-pot, when Mrs. Kimmins pitched me on the broad of me back, and tried to jump me into ribbons, but Pat Marah and Jinney Grady hindered her.

She hadn't any business to do wid the kitchen, said Peggy. She's only a lodger, and the kitchen belongs to Pat Marah, the landlord.

Mr. Chambers—But what do you say to trying to jump on the poor woman, who is just ready to be put to bed. A woman in her state is not fit to fight.

Kitty (whimpering)—That's the blessed trute, yer hanner; I don't know one hour from the other of me down-lying, so I'm not able for the next wake or ten days to take a fight wid anny woman.

Pat Marah, an old Irish lodging-house-keeper, was called as the complainant's witness.

Mr. Chambers—You have a kitchen in your house for the use of all your lodgers?

Pat (making a reverence)—You may say that, yer hanner.

Mr. Chambers—And the lodgers may heat anything they please in it?

Pat—Bar that, plase yer hanner. They may boil or roast, but I make them "ate" their grub in their own rooms.

Mr. Chambers—I said "heat," not "eat," man. Have your lodgers the use of the kitchen fire?

Pat—That's the trute, and be the same token Peggy Kimmins hadn't a right in the kitchen, bekase she's nothing at all to me.

Peggy—You're the father of me six childern, any how.

Mr. Chambers—Is that true?

Pat—She says so; but how do I know it's true?

Peggy—You've been a big rogue to me, Pat Marah.

Peggy here entered into a history of her connection with Pat. She had lived at the Sabloniere as a servant, and had saved a little money. This act came to the knowledge of Pat Marah, who soon contrived to scrape an acquaintance with her cash. The result may be soon told—

"He came wooing, she was won;
He was false, and she undone."

Pat—There's no living wid her; she's the very divil for tongue; she's got friends in Ireland, and if she'll go there I'll give her three pounds.

Mr. Chambers—You ought at least to give her a pound for each child.

Pat—I'm agreeable to anything in reason.

Mr. Chambers—Why don't you go, woman.

Peggy (curtseying)—Thank your hanner, God bless your hanner, (walking away.)

Mr. Chambers—Come back, woman. I don't mean that you are to leave the office. I asked you whether you would not go to Ireland if your expenses were paid?

The defendant said she would take a few days to consider of the proposal, and the bench consented to allow the warrant to stand over until she had made up her mind.

EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURES ON A WELL-TRAINED HORSE.

A well-known melo-dramatist, whose fame extends in a straight line from the Theatre du Gymnase to Franconi's Circus, bethought himself a few days ago of taking a ride as far as the Bois de Boulogne, (near Paris,) but as hiring a saddle horse was inconveniently expensive, our member of the corps, "in foolscap uniform turned up with ink," borrowed a steed from his old friend, the stage-manager of Franconi's Circus, who good-naturedly lent him a second horse, and a groom in the bargain. As far as the Place Louis XV. the ride continued without accident; but at the entrance of the Champs Elysees, it was diversified by a little epsode. Just at that spot an escamoteur and his clown delighted the eyes of the *profanum vulgus* with the exhibition of sundry feats, amongst which was that of whirling a circular hoop with a glass of wine at the extremity of its diameter, without spilling a drop of the rosy liquid. At the sight of the approbation elicited from the uninitiated by this somewhat common-place achievement, the groom, who had himself frequently amazed "the groundlings" in the circus, was seized with indignation, jumped off his nag, snatched the hoop from the hands of the peripatetic, remounted nimbly, and, standing upright in the saddle, made a tour of the circle at a canter, imparting to the hoop the same rotary motion as had been given to it a few minutes before by the less pretending pedestrian performer. The applause bestowed on this feat was astounding; and, to escape from it, the amateur cavalier galloped off towards the turn in the Allee des Veuves, followed by the groom, who, amidst the acclamations of the spectators, had restored the hoop and the wine glass to their astonished proprietor. On turning into the Allee des Veuves, the cavalier pulled up, with the intention of giving a severe lecture to his ecuyer, when, unluckily, four successive pistol shots were at this moment fired from a shooting gallery, right in front of which he had halted. The noble animal on which he was mounted, and which, it appeared, had been in the habit of performing the part of "the faithful companion of the *Arab of the Desert*," in one of the most popular pantomimes of Franconi's repertory, no sooner heard the report of fire-arms than, true to his character, he assumed a kneeling posture, from which he made a sudden transition to a recumbent one, personating the proud war horse that receives his death wound on the field of honor, and gently depositing his rider on the softest, though by no means the cleanest part of the road. The melo-dramatist, on extricating himself from the stirrups, parted company with the quadruped actor, and returned home on foot, extremely satisfied at finding all his bones entire at the close of the peformance in which he had so reluctantly borne a part.

Galignani's Messenger.

ROMANCE IN UPPER CANADA.

A Miss Strange, niece of the late member of Parliament of that name in the Upper Canada Legislature, was engaged to be married to a Mr. Ducent, merchant, residing at the head of Lake Ontario. A correspondent of the Rochester Democrat thus tells how the enamored swain sped in his wooing.

The day was fixed for the union of the happy pair. By previous arrangement, they were to be married early in the morning, and immediately take passage for New York, on their way to Scotland to visit their friends. The Scotch Minister in Kingston then being absent, Mr. Ducent brought a favorite parson with him, and arrived at the lady's house in the evening, anxiously waiting for the dawn of day, when he was to become the husband to the fair, the accomplished Isabella Strange. The trunks and bandboxes were all packed and ready, in one of which was deposited by the lady's uncle, for her special use, five hundred pounds.

Being thus arranged, and just before the parties retired to rest, a young gentleman of Kingston stepped up to the intended bride and bid her good bye, remarking at the same time, that he "supposed of saluting Miss Strange!" and immediately left the house. Morning came, and everything was in readiness for the solemnization of the nuptial vows, when it was observed that Miss Strange did not make her appearance. The servant was despatched to the lady's room, and returned with the astonishing information that she was not there, and what was still more surprising, her bed was not ruffled! A letter was found on the table which disclosed the whole mystery. She had been induced by her friends, contrary to her own free will, to engage herself to Mr. Ducent, but had given her heart to the young man alluded to, and they that night, with the trunks, five hundred pounds, and all, fled to Gravely Point, in this State, and by five o'clock in the morning, she who was to have been Mrs. Ducent, had become Mrs. McLean.

DREAMS.

Volumes have been written upon the philosophy of dreams—but in none of the treatises that we have happened to read, is the experience and testimony of children introduced. Their infant minds unsophisticated, and exhibiting natural impressions, would much assist any theorist who would elevate himself by a communion with them. The common mode of speech describes converse with children as a *descent*. This is *cant*, and worse. Children are almost always superior to their elders in purity, in sincerity, and, before they have learned to imitate too much, in originality. Even when they imitate, it is with original ideas of the object and intention of the conduct they are copying from their elders.

"Mary," said a father to a child, who had seen but four summers, "are you going to sleep?"—"No, father—I am *going home*." The little girl was half asleep when she answered. Struck with the singularity of the reply, the persons present forebore again to disturb her, and the little woman continued to rock in her chair, gently, and more gently. By and by she said, "I am almost there." Sound asleep, she ceased rocking, a smile settled on her face, and in a moment more she was engaged in a conversation with her old playmates—incoherent, it is true, but showing by the expressions used, whom she thought she was addressing. Mary is an immigrant here—the home of her birth is a weary way off—but steamboat nor railroad could take her back to visit that pet of children—her grandmother, with the celerity with which she travels in her dreams. She is of course too young for the nonsense of animal magnetism—and as to theories which twist the mind to subserviency to a preconceived system, it is among the happiness of children that infancy knows nothing of such mental slavery. Little Mary sits down often with the intention of "taking a journey," and without knowing any more of the signification of the word dream than if she had never heard it, she seldom fails to see the person she wishes. It is all reality to her—and even awaking does not seem to destroy the illusion. She has not learned to analyze away her happiness, or to distrust her existence. Conscious yet of no such influence as evil, no casuistical doubts mar her simple pleasures. The very best wish that one could breathe for all the world would be that its inhabitants were as little children—"for," said the founder of the Christian's belief—"of such are the kingdom of heaven."

New York Sun.

SPANISH JEALOUSY.

Considerable sensation has been excited in Madrid by a murder committed by M. Rodriguez, the Deputy, on the person of his wife, a young and beautiful woman, to whom he was married at Seville about two years ago. M. Rodriguez, who is extremely jealous, accompanied his lady to a masked ball given by M. Vinadores. His wife's brother was amongst the guests, incognito, and wishing to cure his brother-in-law of his failing, imprudently accosted him with an inquiry if he was as jealous as ever. "I am, at all events, not jealous of you, *beau masque*," was the reply. "There you are wrong," said the masque, "for you have a very handsome wife, with whose charms I am deeply smitten." "So much the worse for you," retorted M. Rodriguez. "By no means," said the brother, "for your wife returns my affection, and, as a proof of it, I can inform you that she has a violent mark under her right bosom." At these words M. Rodriguez seized the stranger with the utmost violence by the hand, exclaiming, "Your life or mine! Meet me in a quarter of an hour at my house!" He then tore his wife from the quadrille which she was dancing, and, without saying a word to her, hurried her home. On reaching his hotel, he ascended the staircase with his wife still on his arm, dragged her into his cabinet without procuring a light, opening his secretary, and taking from it a loaded pistol, placed the muzzle close to his wife's bosom, and shot her through the heart. At the report a number of domestics, accompanied by the ill-fated lady's brother, who had been the involuntary cause of this frightful catastrophe, rushed into the room with lights. On witnessing the dreadful sight which met his eyes, the brother tore off his mask, and proclaimed his near relationship to the victim. The disclosure deprived the wretched husband of his senses, and he was hurried from the spot in a state of raving madness, which the Madrid correspondent whom we quote, fears, but we might, perhaps, more charitably hope, he will not survive.

DOING A LITTLE GALLANTRY.—At Union Hall on Monday, Samuel Henry Todd, R. N., was charged with assaulting Mrs. Coates, the wife of a respectable tradesman in Camberwell, with intent, as he said, to ravish a kiss, although, as the affair took place in the bed-room, there were some doubts whether his gallantry might not have been more wide in its object. Mrs. Coates screamed, her brother came to her assistance, placed the gallant Lieutenant's eyes in half-mourning, and on Mr. Coates coming home, he was further punished by being confined to the station-house. The fact was indisputable, and the defendant was ordered to find bail, and to give four and twenty hours' notice thereof.

We observe that a "breath-warming instrument" is advertised among the novelties of the day. No doubt this will be very convenient for many persons in chilly weather, and to those who have occasion to "blow hot and cold" at the same time, must be truly invaluable.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

The Second Fall Trotting Meeting on the Beacon Course was to have commenced on Tuesday last, instead of which, however, a storm of rain commenced, and has continued with little abatement ever since. As the meeting has been postponed to Monday, there is every prospect of a fine day to-morrow, though we will lay odds it rains on the day the races commence. The weather for the last six weeks, has been on race days, with hardly an exception, of the most outrageous and scandalous description—indeed "most tolerable and not to be endured."

Rifle Shooting.—A Sweepstakes, for a fine Rifle, came off at Hoboken on Friday, the 2d inst., to which there were sixteen subscribers. The distance was Fifty Yards, off hand; best 2 in 3 shots. The prize was won by Capt. S. S. Parker, commander of the Union Riflemen, of this city. The two winning shots measured one inch and two-eighths—the best shot one-eighth of an inch.

"*Oh where, tell me where?*" etc.—We have received a report of four days' racing *somewhere*, on the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 10th of October—the track over which they came off is omitted, probably as being a superfluous item of information. We have only to remark, that, in common with turfmen generally, we entertain the vulgar prejudice to the contrary. On the first day Col. Robt. Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone* received ft. in a match for $6000, four mile heats, from P. B. Starke's Havoc filly *Lorinda*. Mr. Jas. Jackson's *Beeswing* won the Mile heats—Mr. F. R. Gregory's *Columbia Gregory* won a match, two miles, beating Mr. Webster's Pacific gelding—Mr. Starke's *Lorinda* won a sweepstakes, Mile heats, and another, Two mile heats, and Mr. Webster's *Rosin-the-bow* rec'd ft. in a third stake. In what State, pray, did these races come off—in Tennessee, Alabama, or Mississippi.

Mr. J. K. Bullock, of Tarboro', N. C. has sold his b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 3 yrs. old, to Mr. David McDaniell, of Oxford, N. C. Price, $2750.

Capt. J. S. Corbin, of Richmond, Va. has sold his ch. m. *Canary*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 6 yrs. old. Price, $1000.

Scrub Racing in Mississippi!—The "North Alabamian," published at Tuscumbia, gives the annexed details of a recent race:—

"A few days since, at a *scrub race* in Tishimingo county, Mississippi, the sportsmen introduced a new mode of trying the bottom of their steeds; which, by the way, proved as disastrous as it was novel. They took it into their heads to run four horses in opposite directions at the same time. Off they went, in high glee; but on arriving half round the track they were suddenly brought to their senses—or rather, their senses *brought out* of them—when on the coming together of their horses, with a tremendous crash, they found themselves sailing to the ground like a hawk after a chicken. Two horses killed, and two men in a condition but little better, was the result of their temerity."

MR. LEAVELL'S CARD.

Christian County, (Ky.) Nov. 2d, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

I have thought proper to reply to a remark of Mr. Jas. C. Johnson, in his report of the 2 yr. old race, which came off Sept. 21st, over the Clarksville, Tenn., Turf. The remark to which I allude is contained in the "Spirit of the Times" of Oct. 13, page 278, and reads as follows:—

"But a few days previous to the race, it was ingeniously and falsely represented that *Jas. Jackson* could make his mile in 1:50, or 1:48, if required," &c.

As to myself, any representation that I may have made respecting the time of my colt, were my true opinions; and if the Secretary means to convey to the public any other impression, he is himself guilty of ingenuity, and a false representation of facts.

The disappointment at my colt's performance was as great to me as to any other gentleman, and is solely attributable to the distemper under which he was laboring, which materially affected his respiration; indeed, so much so, that he actually choked up during the heat. He is entered in the great stake to come off next Fall at Nashville, $500 entrance, where I expect to see him prove himself not only worthy of his illustrious sire, but also of the name of the distinguished gentleman that he bears.

I have thought proper to make this communication to defend myself from what might be deemed an imputation, as I am the owner of the colt, and Mr. Johnson gave no names as to whom his remarks were intended to apply.

Respectfully, Livingston L. Leavell.

P.S. If the Turf Register should have copied Mr. Johnson's report, I must request its editor to copy my note. L. L. L.

KENTUCKY RACE HORSES.

One of our most intelligent country contemporaries, (the "Southern Advocate," published at Huntsville, Ala.) in quoting a report of the recent race meeting at Louisville, pays the following deserved tribute of praise to the enterprising and spirited breeders of Kentucky:—

"The Kentucky race horses are excelling all others in the Union for speed and stoutness—the improvement of the breed of horses is keeping pace with all other domestic animals in that flourishing farming country, and is the natural result of the rural and domestic habits of the people. The planters of that fertile State have become farmers and graziers—and for many years have given their attention to improving their land—improving the breed of all kinds of stock—improving the roads, and at this day it may be pronounced among the most flourishing and independent States in the Union.

"We have extracted some particulars of the late races at Louisville, which by the exertions and liberality of the spirited proprietor of the Oakland Course, has become the metropolis of the Western turf. The assemblage of fine horses was great beyond all former precedent, and the attendance was numerous and respectable, and the sport never surpassed in America. We are much gratified to add that the horses which have thus distinguished themselves, are of native stock, and bred in Kentucky. What they will do when they come in contact with the *Leviathans*, the *Luzboroughs*, and the get of other imported stallions, remains to be seen. Let them meet on equal terms, and let the best wear the laurels of victory, is our maxim. We advocate the cause of improvement in every branch of industry, and if foreigners have better horses or better artizans than our own, let us import them for the purpose of comparison. For one or two years the get of imported horses have generally triumphed over the native; but we believe in no instance have they made as good time as these Kentucky horses. In one instance we perceive a Woodpecker colt, 3 yrs. old, called *Grey Eagle*, won a race of two mile heats in the unprecedented short time of 3.41, and 3:43½.

"In another instance, a Waxy filly, *Mary Vaughan*, won the plate, second heat in 3:46; and subsequently, won the Jockey Club purse, four mile heats, in 8:16—8:14, beating one of the best fields that ever started.

"The race course is the test of the excellence of the horse, and we most heartily congratulate the Kentucky breeders on their unrivalled success."

We cannot subscribe to the justice of our contemporary's first observation, that "the Kentucky race horses are excelling all others in the Union for speed and stoutness." Look at *Boston's* four mile heat in 7:40 on Long Island—*Omega's* four mile heat at Washington in 7:40—*Balie Peyton's* four mile heat at Baltimore in 7:42, when beaten by *Duane*—*Decatur's* four mile heat at Washington in 7:45—*Picton's* four mile heat on Long Island in 7:44, and *Lady Cliffden's* 2d and 3d heats, in the same race, and over the same course, in 7:43½ and 7:56. Here are a few specimens of Northern "speed and stoutness," to which we may add *Mingo's* 3d four mile heat in 7:47. *Grey Eagle's* performance is certainly extraordinary, but we can match even his "speed" in a two mile race, with that made by our four mile horses, carrying the heavy Long Island weights. *Boston* and *Charles Carter* ran the first two miles (of their four mile race) in 3:45, and their first three miles in 5:36½—the 1st and 3d miles being run in 3:42½.

We make no doubt the Kentucky 3 yr. olds of this season excel both in "speed and stoutness" any that have preceded them in that race horse region for many years; but it is rather too much to say that "Kentucky race horses (classing the 3 yr. olds with the older horses) are excelling *all others* in the Union for speed and stoutness." It is a matter perfectly notorious, that the owner of *Boston* will match him against any horse in the Union, to run four mile heats, and besides meeting him half way, will stake $100,000 to $75,000. A match was, last week, offered *Decatur* of $10,000 to $7,500. In conclusion, we join our well-informed contemporary in "most heartily congratulating the Kentucky breeders on their unrivalled success."

The New Yorker.—It was due to this most excellent publication, to call attention earlier than this to the recent arrangement made by its proprietor, to give additional interest to its columns. Mr. Benjamin, recently connected with the "American Monthly Magazine," has been associated with Mr. Greeley in the "New Yorker," and will carry with him many of the contributors to his late magazine. We have, from the outset, steadily regarded the "New Yorker" as one of the most interesting and valuable weekly publications in the country. It has been devoted chiefly to literature, but one of its large pages is each week filled with political information and general intelligence, compiled with a diligence and accuracy which we look for in vain in any other publication. Its literary character has ever been high, and is now to be strengthened by the force taken off from the "American Monthly"—our favorite magazine.

The only circumstance which can mar our pleasure in congratulating Mr. Greeley upon the continued good conduct of his paper, and the increased talent he is bringing to its support, is, that it involves the discontinuance of that excellent magazine. We still hope to see it revived, and continue firm in the opinion, that its politics never injured it.

Death of Miss Louisa H. Medina, *the Dramatist.*—The New Era of Wednesday morning contains the following paragraph:—

"The Coroner yesterday, at the special request of the friends of Mr. Hamblin, held an inquest upon the body of Mrs. Medina L. Hamblin, who died suddenly on Monday morning. The circumstances of her death and previous illness, detailed before the jury, fully corroborated the statement made in the New Era of yesterday. A post mortem examination of the body was made by Dr. J. Kearney Rodgers, assisted by other professional gentlemen, who came to the conclusion that her death had not been caused by anything taken into the stomach, and it was their opinion that she had died of apoplexy. The jury were unanimously of the same belief, and rendered a verdict accordingly."

New Music.—Endicott, at 359 Broadway, has commenced the publication of a series of Illustrated Songs, Ballads, and Duetts, in beautiful style. The following popular pieces have already been issued—The Gypsey King, The Gypsey Queen, Glory the leading star, My loveliest and best, Speed thou my Gondolier, By the waters of Xarama, The Corsair's Farewell, Amy Robsart to the Earl, Spread thy wings and away, and What can beauty give me more. The lithographic illustrations excel anything of the kind that have been got up here.

News by the Great Western.

NINETEEN DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The stupendous British steam-ship, the *Great Western*, arrived on Thursday morning last from Bristol, whence she sailed on the 27th Oct.; she made her last passage out to Bristol in twelve and a half days. The new steamer *Liverpool* sailed from that port on the 20th, and of course has been beaten by a week; considerable anxiety is felt respecting her. The Great Western brought one hundred and fourteen passengers. From the fact that the Liverpool sailed a week earlier than the Great Western, we have received by the latter our files of papers from the 20th to the 27th only, our October Magazines, and the papers from the 1st to the 20th of that month, having been forwarded by the L., whose arrival has been hourly expected for a week past. We regret this detention the more as she doubtless will bring us letters from several agents abroad, who are purchasing Blood Stock, etc., for this country.

We see by a report of the Nottingham races in Bell's Life in London, that Flintoff's *Eaglet* won Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas on the 12th Oct. at three heats. This is the filly alluded to a few weeks since, as the one Flintoff was to ship to New Orleans to run there this winter. The report is to the following effect:—

Her *Majesty Plate* of 100 gs., for horses, &c., of all ages; Two mile heats.

Mr. Flintoff's gr. m *Eaglet*, 4 yrs. 9st. 11lb.	Wright.	3	1 1
Mr. Fowler's br. h. *Heron*, 5 yrs. 9st. 11lb.		1	2 2
Mr. Barrow's b. m. *Catherina*, aged, 10st.		2	3 dr

The 1st heat was won by a length after a very good race; the 2d by half a length, and the 3d, after a severe race, won cleverly. This was a complete sporting race; Heron was entered on the morning of the race on its being certain Mr. Ferguson's horse (*Harkaway*) had not come, and was booked to win by the knowing ones, who dropped the "ready" to a considerable amount. We question if Mr. Ferguson and his horse had made their appearance, whether he would have "slept here to-night," so strong was the public feeling against him on account of his dishonorable conduct on the turf.

We regret to state that *The Colonel* will not come to this country. He has been purchased for Col. Gardenstadt, to go to Germany—price only 2000 guineas! Dog cheap. Col. G.'s agent also paid 600 gs. for *Tableau*, and to make his lot complete will take across the Channel a mare by Capt. Candid, out of Pantina, and an Abjer mare, dam by Rubens.

At the Newmarket Second October Meeting on the 15th ult., a draft from Lord Exeter's stud was put up for sale, but only one sold, viz., *Brother to Cactus*, for 99 gs. We derive the above from Bell's Life; if it is correct, the following must have been bought in, as the London Sunday Times reports the annexed sales by the Messrs. Tattersalls:—

HORSES IN TRAINING, BROOD MARES, ETC.	GS.
Aurelius, 6 yrs. old. (brother to Augustus), by Sultan, out of Augusta, &c.	245
Dardanelles, by Sultan, out of Pawn Jr., 4 yrs	290
Adrian (brother to Augustus), by Sultan, out of Augusta, 4 yrs	450
Corban, by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley, 4 yrs	270
Troilus, by Priam, out of Green Mantle, 4 yrs	350
Brown colt, brother to Cactus, 3 yrs	99
Velveteen, by Sultan, out of Velvet, 3 yrs	145
BROOD MARES.	
Dahlia, by Phantom, dam by Waxy	49
Diamentina, by Rubens, out of Canary bird	49
Abjer Mare, dam by Rubens, out of Spotless	50
Captain Candid Mare, out of Pantina by Buzzard	50
Marchesa (sister to My Lord)	90
Ramona, by Whisker, out of Lady Cramfeazer by Stamford	99
Palais Royal	47
A useful Black Hack	14
The Property of a Person going Abroad.	
Nelly, by Brutandorf, out of Streamlet, 3 yrs	21
Despair, by Brutandorf, out of Sally Davies, &c., 3 yrs	110
Ote, by Dr. Eady, out of Rigmarole, 4 yrs	57
Grey mare by Falcon, dam by Waxy, 4 yrs	120
Bay mare by Cetus, out of Scurry, 4 yrs	12
Bay mare, 8 yrs., a good hunter and roadster	26

W. R. Ramsay, Esq., of Barnton, has purchased of Mr. Parkin his br. c. *Lanercost*, for 1500 guineas; and also of Mr. Osbaldeston his b. f. *Fairy Queen* for £200.

The Duke of Cleveland has purchased Mr. Blakelock's superior 2 yr. old colt *Commodore*, by Liverpool, out of Fancy by Osmond. The alleged price is 2000 guineas and contingencies. He is engaged both in the Derby and the St. Leger.

We have not of course received a report of the First October meeting at Newmarket, though we have the Second. Neither "the *Don*," *Amato*, *Grey Momus*, *Harkaway*, or *Ion*, figured at the last meeting, from which we infer that it went off rather flatly.

The Derby for 1839.—Here's the latest state of the Odds:—

11 to 1 agst. Bro. to 8. Middleton (take 12)	25 to 1 agst. Sir G. Heathcote's lot (t).
17 to 1 —— Westonian.	5000 to 75 —— Vale of Belvoir (taken).
18 to 1 —— Flambeau.	5000 to 50 —— Melbourne (taken).
25 to 1 —— Gulnare.	1000 to 10 —— Deception (taken).
25 to 1 —— Boz (taken).	1000 to 10 —— Wapiti (taken).
33 to 1 —— Ilderim.	1000 to 50 —— All the mares, viz: Wapiti, Deception, Mickleton Maid, Alexandrina, Lady Burlington, Lady Day, Romaike, Sister to Hector, and Sister to Defender.
33 to 1 —— Antler.	
33 to 1 —— Derrynane.	
40 to 1 —— Hamlet.	500 even between Gulnare and Flambeau.
40 to 1 —— Lord Jersey's Cain colt.	16 to 1 agst. Accelerator and Erin gobragh (taken).
40 to 1 —— Tros (taken).	
50 to 1 —— Delos (taken).	

Harkaway.—It will be seen by the following extracts that Ferguson, the owner of this celebrated horse, has been literally "*ruled off the track*" in England, as well as in Ireland, the members of the Holywell Hunt having refused to weight his horse at their late meeting. His friends appeared quite sanguine of his procuring a nomination, and under this impression backed Harkaway very heavily; as the race was a P. P. affair, many were "floored," and hundreds hit very smartly.

Holywell Hunt Meeting.—This meeting, from its being nearly the finish of the Turf sports in the North, and the peculiar construction of its course, so celebrated for the defeats experienced by good Leger horses, has always excited considerable interest. This year's meeting has diverted the attention of the sporting world from other circumstances, as the conduct of Mr. Ferguson, the owner of *Harkaway*, was indirectly made a question for consideration, and upon it had to be obtained the opinion of the members of the Mostyn Hunt, a body of the nobility and gentry connected with the North, whose favor, in matters affecting character, was, and is, at all times a desideratum. During the past week, both in Liverpool and Manchester, it was generally believed that a nomination had been promised. Harkaway was, in consequence, backed to a considerable extent at 2 to 1. Any odds were laid against the other horses. Harkaway, accompanied by his owner, was at the training stables on the course in good time, having been posted in one of Lord Suffield's vans from Nottingham. At Chester, as early as Friday, some of the leading sporting characters, who had the means of canvassing the opinion of the members of the Hunt, appeared to be confident that Harkaway would not get a nomination; they therefore backed *Cardinal Puff*, and laid against Harkaway to a considerable amount. The letter of Mr. Davis, of Nottingham (inserted in last Sunday's paper), which had been sent to all the members of the Hunt, was not written in vain. Out of the Club it went a good way towards confirming the resolution come to by the well-informed at Chester; and in the Club, on the question of nomination or no nomination coming under discussion at the Club dinner on Monday evening, held at the White Horse Hotel, Holywell; the result was, *that Mr. Ferguson*, the owner of Harkaway, *did not obtain a nomination for his horse.* A few minutes before this announcement was publicly made, 6 to 1 had been laid against Cardinal Puff, who immediately after became first favorite.

The members of the Hunt present at the dinner were, the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Mostyn, Hon. E. M. Mostyn, F. R. Price, Esq., T. P. Lloyd, Esq., P. Mostyn, Esq., James W. Hammond, Esq., and R. W. Vaughan, Esq. The Harkaway party were dreadfully mortified on finding they could not get a nomination, as they calculated upon winning, owing to the exceeding heavy state of the course, brought on by the drenching rain that fell on Saturday and Sunday. It has been by some of them asserted that a nomination was promised from Sir R. William Bulkeley, Bart. On inquiry, the following appears to be the correct statement of the affair:—A communication passed between a person sent by Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Brunton, training groom to Sir R. Bulkeley. The question was asked whether, in the event of Harkaway being brought to Holywell, he would obtain a nomination? The answer given was, that Mr. Brunton considered there could be no doubt about it. If the question had been asked whether Sir R. Bulkeley would put Harkaway in nomination, in all probability the worthy Baronet would have been consulted; as it was, his opinion was never asked; and perhaps Mr. Brunton, in giving the answer he did, merely replied to a question put in general terms, and did not, at the time, take into consideration the peculiar position in which Mr. Ferguson stood in the eyes of the sporting world. Perhaps no other owner of a race horse in England would have been similarly treated by the Club.

Bell's Life in London.

The Sunday Times of the 21st ult. remarks as follows:—

Mr. Ferguson and Harkaway.—Our *expose* last week had the effect of arousing those who had been previously apathetic respecting the withdrawal of Harkaway. The gentlemen of the Holywell Hunt have refused to put the Irish horse in nomination. This is the way to treat those whose conduct tends to lower the character of the Turf. We have received many letters complaining of our having associated the names of others (particularly that of a noble lord) with Mr. Ferguson's. Respecting honest opinions, however and wherever expressed, we still hold our own. *Drawing a horse whilst he is fit to run is as great an offence in a lord as in a commoner;* and though doing so two days, rather than two hours, before a race, may lessen the injury produced, it does not affect the principle involved. We regard the scratching of *Grey Momus* a disgraceful affair; and two or three withdrawals that have occurred within the two last seasons were as vicious in intention as the much-mooted withdrawal of *Harkaway.* The owners of the horses to which we allude ought to have been shown the "cold shoulder," and their rank and riches are reason why justice should be the more strictly and severely meted out to them.

Some time since we alluded to an unpleasant affair in which Mr. Theobald, the owner of *Mameluke*, *Tarrare*, *Rockingham*, *Camel*, and half a dozen other "cracks," appeared to be implicated. His colt *Loutherbourg* won the Goodwood Stakes, but started under a false pedigree, his age only being given correctly. It has been proved that Mr. T.'s trainer and another were privy to the fact, while Mr. T. has been exonerated from censure in the premises. On the ground that Loutherbourg was disqualified, the owner of *St. Luke*, the horse that ran 2d, claimed the stakes, but it will be seen by the following article from Bell's Life that the Club have decided against him:—

At the meeting of the Jockey Club held at Newmarket on the 17th inst., when the Goodwood Stakes' case was brought forward, the question of Loutherbourg's pedigree was not taken into consideration; the Marquis of Exeter stating that he had taken upon himself, as Steward of Goodwood Races, the responsibility of deciding that that horse started in 1837 under a false pedigree, upon the evidence adduced before Lords Jersey and Wharncliffe, which appeared in *The Racing Calendar* of the 11th of September. The question put by his Lordship for the opinion of the Club was only the following one of racing law:—

"Mr. Theobald's horse *Loutherbourg* having won the Goodwood Stakes this year, and the pedigree under which he started in 1837 having been ascertained to be a false pedigree, by an investigation which has taken place since that race, is Loutherbourg thereby disqualified, and the second horse, *St. Luke*, entitled to the stake?"

Upon which the members of the Club who had an interest in the race retired. The remaining members chose the Duke of Portland as Chairman, and after some discussion, decided, by a majority of votes, that Loutherbourg was not thereby disqualified.

Since the above decision, Lord Exeter has addressed to Mr. Weatherby the following letter:—

"October 18, 1838.

"Sir,—As the decision which the members of the Jockey Club gave yesterday upon the question which had been referred to them, finally decides that Loutherbourg is to receive the Goodwood Stakes, I request that you will pay the money over to Mr. Theobald. I am, &c. &c. Exeter."

After the races on Thursday, a meeting of the Jockey Club was held, and the following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

"That it is the opinion of this Club that it is necessary to declare their extreme disapprobation of horses being started for races without the intention on the part of their owners of trying to win them.

"That no horse, though coming in first, shall hereafter be deemed the winner of any plate, match, or sweepstakes, whether handicap or not, who shall be proved to have run under a false description, and such disqualification shall remain in force until his proper pedigree shall be ascertained and recorded."

A very brilliant race meeting has lately taken place at Florence, attended by the elite of the Florentine nobility, the Court, official residents and distinguished strangers from all quarters of the globe, including Prince and Princess Metternich. We see that among the stables present were those of the Prince Poniatowski, the Duke de Carchaci, Baron de Lowenberg, Comte de Gheradesca, Marquis Azzoleno, and other eminent individuals. One of Prince Poniatowski's horses, we see, carried 181 lbs., another 168lbs.—another 178lbs. As soon as we have room, we will give the report entire.

Beresford, Junior, has been engaged as training-groom to the reigning Duke of Brunswick. The several principalities of Germany have each their "Newmarkets" and their "Epsoms," and the Sports of the Turf appear to attract nearly as much attention of late throughout Germany, France, and Italy, as in the United States. No wonder the English breeders begin to feel some anxiety lest the Americans should compete with them in supplying the Continental markets with "good 'uns to go!"

Good Shooting.—A short time ago, Francis Gordon, jun. Esq., of Abergeldie, in company with a friend, killed, in six hours, on Lochnagar grounds, twelve brace of ptarmigan, one of grouse, two Alpine hares, a fox, and a game falcon.

The Sunday Times tells of a "good shot," which beats Mr. Gordon "into fits"—of laughter:—

"A gentleman, who was accustomed to draw the long bow, boasted of performing the following feat:—He was amusing himself by shooting with a bow and arrow, on one occasion, when the arrow stuck fast in a tree, and when he drew it out a stream of delicious honey flowed out. He stooped to pluck a tuft of grass to stop the hole, when lo! he put his hand on a hare which lay squatting at his feet: he took poor puss by the hind legs, and threw her, with all his might, over the hedge, into a stubble field. She fell upon a covey of partridges, and killed six of them!"

We have devoted all the space at our command to Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence, but are obliged to omit several interesting matters, in consequence of

the want of papers published two or three weeks before those now before us. The Theatrical news will be read with interest, particularly the extracts relative to the new play of SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Under the head of "American Theatricals," the London papers quote notices of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS from half our city papers, giving an account of their reception at the Park, etc.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who won the Derby this year with *Amato*, was treated to a famous dinner at Epsom lately, of which Bell's Life says:—

"The Epsom *Amato* Dinner came off on Saturday last, at Lumley's, the Spread Eagle, when about sixty gentlemen sat down. It is scarcely necessary to state that the dinner and wines were first rate. Sir Gilbert Heathcote gave a buck to the landlord for the occasion; and on the Baronet's health being proposed from the chair, the cheering might have been heard at the Grand Stand. Mr. Evans, then, very appropriately, gave the company "The Fine Old English Gentleman." The whole passed off with great *eclat*, and the company did not separate till a late hour."

The "Age" lets off a "*bounce*" or two that would tickle our readers not a little, if we should publish them; one is to the effect that "York's tall son" is about to espouse "the Great American Sea Serpent!" Really, "I beg you wouldn't mention it!"

A: Coursing, on Friday the 5th inst. while Mr. Geddes of Glasgow, and Dr Brown of Stewarton, were coursing on the farm of Todhill, Fenwich, a pair of dogs were slipped at a hare, which went off in a rare style, as if confident in its own strength and fleetness, and to supple itself after its long rest, or to invite the dogs to greater exertion from their proximity to their prey. The summer heat of the day was delightful to the sportsmen, amid such sylvan beauty, but most distressing to the dogs. After a long and most severe run, rendered doubly fatiguing by its innumerable turnings and windings, both dogs were found lying completely exhausted within about twenty yards of the hare. The dogs had to be carried back to the coursers, and although every exertion was used to recover them, Dr. Brown's Sweeper died in the course of an hour aftewards, full of glory in the deathless fame of his own true game. On being opened, his heart was found swelled to double its usual size, and a considerable quantity of blood oozed from it; so that he may be said to have died of a broken heart.

Kilmarnock Journal.

Piscatorial Society.—A Piscatorial Society has for some time been established and the members meet at Mr. Harrison's, the Marquis of Granby, South Audley-street. The landlord being anxious that the society should distinguish itself during the season, and that a friendly spirit of emulation should exist among the members, liberally gave a punt rod, winch, and line, for the heaviest show of roach and dace caught on a Sunday or Tuesday, and brought for inspection to the Society's Rooms. It was also stated in the conditions that the entry money should be expended in the purchase of articles useful to the anglers as second and third prizes. The names of the gentlemen who stand for the prizes, with the numbers and weights of their respective takes, the places they were taken from, &c., are as follows:—October 9. Mr. Sandall caught from a punt in the Thames, at Twickenham, 287 roach and dace, weighing 34lbs. 14oz.—On the same day, Mr. Popplewell killed in the River Colne, in the neighborhood of Uxbridge, private water, 74 roach and dace, but chiefly the former fish; weight 29lbs.—On the 16th October, Mr. Temple, from the Colne, near Harewell, 209 roach and dace; weight 49lbs.—On the same day, Mr. Popplewell, from the same river, near Uxbridge, 72 fish, principally roach; weight 34lbs. 9oz.—Also on the 16th, Mr. Bentham, same river, near Denham, 130 fish, chiefly dace; weight 43lbs. 12oz.—According to the conditions Mr. Temple becomes entitled to the first prize, Mr. Bentham the second, and Mr. Sandall the third.

Bell's Life in London.

Deaf Burke and Bendigo.—We have received a long letter from "the Deaf-un," who went to Sheffield on the special invitation of Bendigo, to make a match for £100 aside, but it would seem the Deaf-un's reception by Bendigo was the very reverse of courteous. Appointments were made to stake, but although the Deaf-un displayed his flimsies to the amount of £25, it was "no go," Bendigo stating that his Nottingham friends had not come forward. He now proposes doing "the needful" at Burke's benefit to-morrow night, at the Sheffield Theatre. It is to be hoped, as Burke hints, he will not show the "white feather." Rather than he should be disappointed, the Deaf-un will fight him for £50, £25, £10, or even love, as he is determined to prove that "he means what he says." The Deaf-un, at his benefit, will display his representations of ancient statues, and will do all he can to give satisfaction to his friends in Sheffield.

Bell's Life, Oct. 21.

The Duke of Buccleuch is still at Blair Atholl, with a large party of sporting noblemen and gentlemen. The Duchess of Buccleuch is entertaining a select party, including Lord, Lady, and Miss Montagu, the Earl of Home, and Lord and Lady Douglas. Lady Emily Marsham, the Duke's sister, left town on Saturday last on a visit to her Grace.

Lord Talbot's fine hounds ran several splendid courses at a select Coursing Meeting held yesterday week at Pals-hill, Staffordshire, when they were particularly successful. A distinguished party of noblemen and gentlemen were present; among whom were Lord Talbot, Lord Forester, the Hon. Colonel Sir George Pigot, &c.

The late Earl of Egremont's house in Grosvenor place is coming down, to make a new entrance into Belgrave-square, to be called Belgrave place. It will take part of Tattersall's ring and the dog-kennels, and come out at the back of Belgrave chapel.

Mr. John Van Buren, son of the President of the United States, will embark at Liverpool to-day for New York. This young gentleman has been visiting the chief manufacturing towns and the seats of several of the nobility in this country.

Court Journal, Oct. 20.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—On Friday week, at Debtling, near Maidstone, Mr. Thomas Hopper, farmer, of Biddenden (who is 42 years of age, whose fame as a jumper is great, having, it is said, cleared every turnpike gate between Maidstone and Tenderden), undertook for a wager of £10 to run half a mile in two minutes. The ground selected was half a mile of Debtling hill, a steep averaging a fall of at least two feet in ten yards. The road was carefully swept and cleared by Mr. Crowte and another friend. At starting, for about a quarter of a mile, the strides of Mr. Hopper averaged three yards each, and in some of the steepest places were even longer. When about 15 yards from the winning post he became nearly blind, swerved from the line, and fears were entertained that he would dash himself against a chalk cliff. A fortunate rut in the road turned his feet into the right direction, and he reached the winning post eight seconds under the two minutes. He was conveyed to bed almost in a delirious state, from the terrific exertions he had made, but recovered in a short time afterwards. The average speed of Mr. Hopper was more than twenty-three feet and a half each second for the distance of half a mile. In person he is about six feet high, of a spare frame, but great strength. A considerable sum of money changed hands on the occasion.

Kentish Observer.

THE HULL COUNTESS.—This lady honored York races last week with her presence, and excited great curiosity. She is the same person who some years ago appeared in the ball-room at Doncaster races as the Countess Schwartzenberg, and led off the ball with the Mayor of Doncaster. She was then under the protection of the Noble Lord, who was much surprised on finding, from those who had known her Ladyship in early life, that the ci-devant Countess was, in fact, a milliner from Hull, who had been for some time in the habit of playing off these pranks. On other occasions she has figured as the Countess de Siorawska, representing herself as the widow of a Polish Count, and again as the Marchioness St. Arden, and Lady Cecilia Ferguson. She is now said to be located in York. Hull Times.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—On Thursday, the 12th inst., a lady, of the juvenile age of forty years, and weighing nearly twenty stone, the wife of an orange merchant, eloped with a discharged invalid dragoon, six feet high. The parties left this place (Chatham) about twelve o'clock, leaving the husband minus nearly £200, and a quantity of plate. Fortunately they have no family.

Kentish Gazette.

NOVEL ATTRACTION.—At Caen and Verdun, the itinerant venders of female finery have adopted an irresistible method of attracting customers. They announce that a magnificent shawl—*un châle d'honneur*—will be daily presented to the handsomest woman who may grace their sale-rooms with her presence.

On Tuesday evening the family of a gentleman residing in the vicinity of Dorset-square were thrown into a state of the greatest anxiety, in consequence of the disappearance of his niece, who was under his guardianship. It appears that the young lady had feigned a slight indisposition to be excused accompanying her relatives to the theatre. The footman, on his return from leaving them at the Haymarket theatre, having a message to deliver to her from his mistress, was much alarmed at not finding her in the house, more particularly as a female domestic was likewise absent, and a letter in the hand-writing of the young lady on the parlor table. He immediately took a cab and hastened back to the theatre, and delivered it to her uncle, who immediately returned home, and obtaining a clue to her destination from the letter, forthwith ordered post horses, and went in pursuit of the fair fugitive. It is rumored in the neighborhood that she has placed herself under the protection of an officer of high rank in the army, who is upwards of thirty years her senior, and was on terms of the greatest friendship with the family, who had not the most remote idea of his intentions. The young lady has but just entered her nineteenth year, possessed of great personal attractions, and will be entitled to considerable property on attaining her majority. London morning paper.

"Don't you think I am formed by nature for the part of the passionate Moor?" asked Macready of Tom Cooke.

"By ——, you are," replied honest Tom; "for I never knew any one *more passionate*."

COVENT GARDEN.—"The Foresters," a *new* play, attracted us to the theatre on Friday (Oct. 19), and more than common was the interest excited, inasmuch as we have long regarded the reputed author, Mr. Serle, as one of the underrated men of his day. His acquirements as a scholar place him above many of his fellow-laborers; to these he adds powers as an actor equal to any acting writer of his day, and he is in addition to all this a powerful speaker, and an admirable lecturer. It has been the fashion amid certain very small wits who infest the theatres when new pieces are produced, to decry Mr. Serle's productions, but the author of "The Merchant of London" and "The House of Colberg" can bear the sarcasms of disappointed dramatists, and tenth rate critics. We visited the theatre with high hopes that a drama deliberately written by Serle, and produced by his friend Macready, would be one that we could conscientiously praise. Judge our surprise at finding in it a translation of an old drama by Kotzebue, which was Englished by Thomson some forty years since. It is many years since we saw the original, or read Thomson's version, but the characters are vivid in our memory, particularly those of Hans Karlstein, Dalmer, and Buzzendorf. It is with deep regret that we find such men as Serle and Macready suffering a drama to be represented as new, which has been before the public so many years in three languages, German, French, and English; the bills should at least have announced the drama as from the German. Mr. Serle's alterations consist of condensations and paraphrastical renderings of the dialogue; he has also, and most unadvisedly, introduced songs and duets into a drama, the continuity of which is, in the original, its great charm; the piece may, in fact, be described, not as one *interspersed* with, but *retarded* by, music.

Sunday Times.

OLYMPIC.—A farce entitled "Forgive and Forget," was produced here on Thursday: it is by Mr. Charles Dance. The fate of this trifle has been somewhat singular; it was originally written for the Queen's, then in the occupancy of the Bonds, Wrench being intended for the hero; but the lessees were tardy, and Bunn wanted a farce, so it was transferred to Drury, and produced there with very moderate success. We need not repeat a plot which appeared at that time in our columns. The respective casts were, if we have remembered rightly, as follows:—

	DRURY,	OLYMPIC.
Mr. George Harcourt	Mr. Warde	Mr. T. Green.
Charles Pelham	Mr. Cooper	Mr. J. Vining.
Mr. Loveless	Mr. Bartley	Mr. Granby.
Nibbs	Mr. Meadows	Mr. Oxberry.
Mrs. G. Harcourt	Miss Ellen Tree	Mrs. Nisbett.
Mrs. C. Pelham	Miss Taylor	Miss Murray.

We need scarcely say that Drury had it hollow. The gravity of Warde gave great force to the dry humor of the briefless barrister, and Miss Tree threw a serious interest into the character of his wife that Mrs. Nisbett does not even attempt to communicate to it. Mr. Green acts agreeably, but we wish he could be persuaded to take the bones out of the stays of his gentility—in farce acting he is too cautious by half; Vining and he might have changed parts with advantage. Oxberry was not a felicitous representative of the lawyer's clerk, and Mr. Granby was Bartley at a fearful discount. The house has been very indifferently attended, and, unless some stirring novelty is produced, is likely to continue so. Ib.

ADELPHI.—The Bayaderes still continue the attraction at this theatre. So much has already been said and written about them, that further notice would be like the twice-told tale, insipid. The same charge cannot, however, be alleged against another production, brought forth for the first time on Monday evening, called "Blue Jackets, or her Majesty's Service," which is made up of the eccentricities of Admiral Trunnion, a port admiral, rich and testy (F. Mathews), a certain Ben Binnacle (O. Smith), a superannuated seaman, and a pretty arch-truant of a daughter of Trunnion, played by Mrs. Honey. There is of course the usual romance of love, and the usual opposition to its termination in matrimony, until at last the papa finds it better to relent, and gives the lady to her lover, a blessing to both, and at once enacts the sensible and generous. Blue Jackets met with a favorable reception from the audience, an event not a little aided by the author placing Mrs. Honey, Mrs. Keeley, and we know not how many other Mesdames and Misses, up to the number of twelve, in sailors' attire, and making the pretty pets dance a hornpipe with pike and cutlass exercise. The inexpressibles became some of the fair ones so much, that we could almost say they had previously off the stage either worn, or shown a capability for wearing them, not to be disputed. The dance concluded, and the Blue Jackets made their conge, amid considerable applause. Ib.

Decamp, the brother of the late Mrs. Charles Kemble, who was many years an actor in Drury Lane theatre, and excellent in melo-dramatic pieces, has been for years past performing in America. He combines with the profession of an actor the business of a farmer and cow-keeper. In the forenoon he is seen at market selling milk to his customers, and at night "strutting his hour on the stage," in Rugantino, or Jemmy Jessamy. Ib.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.—On Thursday a batch of strolling players erected a large booth on the May-Day Green, Barnsley, for the purpose of acting comedies for the amusement of the country lads and lasses; but lo! in the midst of their performances, a tremendous gust of wind blew the whole of their crazy fabric down upon the audience, about 150 in number. Shrieks and loud bursts of laughter followed the event, as the auditors rolled about beneath the weight of canvas and boards. Bonnets, hats, coats, and gowns were made shapeless, and a more laughable and ludicrous picture could scarcely be imagined. Fortunately no material injury was sustained.

Leed's Intelligencer.

Drury Lane.—The Maid of Palaiseau has been repeated with increased success. We can with truth say that Bishop has done *his* work *well*, but we cannot say so much of Fitzball, to whom the dialogue is ascribed. It is trashy in the extreme, and is only rendered endurable by the music, which Bishop has adapted with so much good taste and judgment. We are sorry ALBERTAZZI is obliged to leave us: an engagement in Paris compels her to depart. On Monday she sang exquisitely, and acted better than usual. We hope soon to see her again on the English stage.

La Sonnambula has been performed, Mrs. ALMOND appearing as *Amina*. She is without doubt the best on the stage, and the only one that at all reminds us of the lamented Malibran; but, alas! "we ne'er shall look upon *her* like again." Mr. Allen is a very fair substitute for Templeton, but lacks that power of voice which his predecessor possessed. We do not regret the absence of Seguin as the *Count*, as Balfe supplies his place with great ability. Little Poole, as we used to call her, not only comes to *Betts*, but is *better*, and that is saying a great deal. Is it true that Miss Betts has left in dudgeon! We merely ask the question; and if it is the case, we say she has not acted wisely. Miss Betts should not be too fastidious "under existing circumstances."

To-morrow (Oct. 22) the inimitable Ducrow will commence his engagement, in a new piece called *Charlemagne*, which has been got up with great splendor. In the last scene, Van Amburgh and his lions will be introduced; so, what with Ducrow and his horses, Van Amburgh and his beasts, and Manager Russell and his donkeys, it will be somewhat hard if the house is not crowded to the ceiling. We hear that Mr. Bunn has engaged them at an immense expense, and we sincerely hope that the speculation will prove a good one.

Age.

Covent Garden.—We said, last week, that *The Tempest* would be the most successful of Mr. Macready's revivals. It has proved so in every particular. In our experience, which is somewhat extensive, we do not remember any play that has had so much justice done to it; and, although we are willing to give credit to the scene painter and the mechanist, still we cannot look to the acting as a secondary consideration. Mr. Macready's *Prospero* has ever been, in our opinion, as far as the character would admit of, one of his most judicious personations; and, in the present instance, he has not only pleased, but caused us to admire his delineation of the injured *Duke* and the *Magician*. Such has been the success of the play, that we shall have many opportunities, during the season, of seeing him repeat the part. The next character that comes under our immediate attention is that of *Caliban*, and we are gratified in being able to state that it was admirably performed by George Bennett, who certainly took us rather by surprise. Since the days of poor John Emery, we have not seen it so faithfully portrayed. We have always considered Mr. Bennett to possess talents of a superior order, and in this instance he has given the full spirit of the author; there is no man on the stage that could have played it half so well. We can dismiss the other male parts in a very few words, by saying, that Harley's *Trincula*, Bartley's *Stephano*, Warde's *Alonzo*, Phelps's *Antonio*, and Anderson's *Ferdinand*, were careful performances. Great praise is justly due to Miss Helen Faucit and Miss P. Horton; the former was all that could be desired in *Miranda*, and the *Ariel* of the latter surpassed our most sanguine expectations,—it was *the Ariel*, and the only *flying Ariel* that has ever appeared. There was a poetry about Miss Horton's performance which was as unexpected as it was delightful—the touching way in which she said—"Do you love me, master? No!" was only equalled by the archness with which "Thou liest" was given, when in mid air, to the drunken *Stephano*. Generally speaking, Miss Horton has hitherto sung somewhat harshly, but on this occasion her voice seemed full, round, and most musical. In short, we were pleased with her acting, and delighted with her singing, particularly with "Where the bee sucks." It received an *encore*, to which it was justly entitled: it was one of the happiest *hits* of the evening. The music, which has been introduced by T. Cooke, is of that soul-thrilling character which may ever be appreciated; and the whole "getting up" of the play speaks volumes for the taste and genius of Mr. Macready, who must be somewhat satisfied in finding that the public taste is not altogether depraved, but that there still exists a sufficient number of individuals to admire the works of the immortal bard, when his plays are produced with that attention to costume and scenery which they so richly deserve, and which is now paid to them. The houses, on the first and second nights of the representation of this admirable creation of Shakspeare, were the best of the season. Ib.

Mayhew's farce, *But, However*, will be produced next week at the Haymarket. Wrench has a crack part in it, which "likes him well."

Charles Kean is now in Dublin: he was to make his appearance last night. He will be succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Wood. Mrs. E. Yarnold (late Miss Grove who played an engagement at the Park, and eloped from this city to join her husband,) is playing there with great success. A Mr. Chute has also made a *hit* as a light comedian.

Age.

Haymarket.—Sheridan Knowles's new play, *The Maid of Mariendorpt*, has been repeated, with increased success, to very excellent houses, every evening. The performers have become mellowed in their parts, and we fully anticipate that its career will rival that of the *Love Chase*. We again say, that nothing can be finer than the fourth act of this play, which is elaborated with all Knowles's best powers. It is gratifying to see the public so highly appreciating his labors. Ib.

Adelphi.—On Wednesday we had, to use our friend Fred. Yates's phrase, *a black amour*, and visited his theatre for the purpose of again seeing *The Bayaderes*, who, considering that they live upon *rice*, jumped *Jim Crow* to their heart's content, and to the satisfaction of the *pay gods*. *Fanny Simms* has been played at half-price, and has improved on repetition. Ib.

Olympic.—The manageress is much wanted here—we did think Mrs. Nisbett would have supplied her place and kept the concern at least at *par*—such has not been the case at present, as the houses have been but shy. Try your hands Messrs. Planche and Dance at an original three act burletta, bring all your company into action, and we have no doubt the result would be satisfactory. C. Dance's burletta, *Forgive and Forget*, was revived on Thursday, and was tolerably well received. An apology was made for Miss Lee, who from indisposition was prevented appearing as *Cecile*, in *The Printer's Devil*; the part was undertaken by Mrs. Franks, who acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the audience, —she is a very clever actress, a pretty woman, and a great acquisition to the establishment. Ib.

Astley's closed last night with the lions, tigers, &c. &c. Van Amburgh was to have spoken the farewell address, but the pet lion interfered, and *roared* it out, to the great dismay of his brother performers. Ducrow, who was standing "off the wing," said it was the best speech of the season. Ib.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood's engagement at Leeds was very successful. They played in the operas of *La Sonnambula*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Cinderella*, to crowded houses. The good folks of Leeds were carried away with Mrs. Wood's *Amina*, and the critics have pronounced it equal to Malibran's. Ib.

We perceive, after some discussion, a license was granted to Mr. Hamlet for the Queen's Bazaar, which will shortly be opened by him as the Court Theatre.

Mrs. Waylett has concluded her engagement at Bristol with a benefit, which was well attended. She has been succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Hooper.

Our readers will learn, with unmingled feelings of regret, the retirement from the stage of Mr. Thomas Willis Jones, the Tragedian, in consequence of his having determined upon emigrating to Australia, where he purposes establishing himself in the wool line. He will be accompanied by a flock of sheep and three shepherd's.

Age.

Ranger and little Hill, the Yankee, are carrying all before them in Dublin—the one by his admirable portraiture of French character, and the other by his correct personation of the "*Down Easter.*" Ib.

The new historical tragedy, announced as in preparation at Covent Garden Theatre, and of which report speaks so highly, is from the pen of Mr. Haynes, the author of a tragedy called *Conscience, or The Bridal Night*, which was acted at Drury Lane Theatre in the February of 1821 with great success. The subject of the forthcoming play is from the history of Scotland. The principal *dramatis personæ* are Rizzio, Bothwell, and Mary Queen of Scots. Ib.

Important by the Great Western.—Latest News.—We are happy to inform our subscribers that our own Vestris, that was, is likely, in a few months, "to do the State some service." *On dit*, that she is in that condition which "Ladies wish to be who love their Lords." Ib.

Haymarket.—Mr. Knowles has founded his new and successful play, *The Maid of Mariendorpt*, upon an episode in Miss Anna Maria Porter's novel, and which, as a high-wrought production, partaking largely of the romantic features of melodrama, particularly in the *denouement* (by which we mean no disparagement to its merits), must deservedly maintain a position of the first consequence. Without entering into the detail of a very interesting plot, calcaluted to awaken the deepest sympathies and sensibilities of our nature, we shall merely recur to the chief incidents in the drama, with a view to elucidate our remarks. The scene is laid in Germany, principally at Prague, during that thirty years war, in which the Protestant cause was upheld by the arms of Sweden against the Emperor. The serious portion of the piece commences with an interview between a father and his child, in which the former adverts to the disastrous features of the war, and among them the sacking of Magdeburgh whilst she was yet in her infancy. Subsequently he consigns her to the care of a benevolent Jew, and departs on a mission to Prague, in quest of another daughter, of whom he had been bereaved during that memorable siege. This lost child (*Adolpha*) however, had been rescued from the carnage at Magdeburgh, by an officer in the imperial service, and is eventually restored to her father. During the journey of the latter he is arrested as a spy of the Protestant party, and by the imperial order is doomed to death. He is solaced, however, by the devotion of his daughter *Meeta*, who follows him to Prague, and ministers to him in the dungeon, from which, at last, he is rescued at the eleventh hour by a body of Protestants forces, headed by the lover of his child. It will be seen that under circumstances, so happy a conclusion to the impending sorrows which await this parent and his offspring, is highly problematical, and thereby melo-dramatic; and, as most melo-dramas in general, partake of this incongruous form, they are not of the school upon which we are at all willing Mr. Knowles should dispense his favors. In the present instance, however, we have only to regard the composition in the light of a beautiful poem, in which the pure style of the author is embodied with such remarkable effect, that the impression of the whole is as indelible as the events which are therein described.

The Town.

Olympic.—Little has been doing here during the past week, and that little to thin houses. The changes have consisted principally of the substitution of one old favorite for another; but the customary favorites, alas, appear suddenly to have lost their attractions; the unique appointments, the drawing-room getting up, the admirably acted miniature comedies once so pleasing, apparently please no longer; or at least, what is even more important, they no longer draw. How is this? Did Vestris and C. Mathews comprise all the available attraction of the company? Verily it would appear like it at present.

Figaro in London.

Ducrow and the brute-tamer, Van Amburgh, make their appearance at Drury to-morrow evening (22d Oct.) Any how, between the attractions of "man and beast," good entertainment may be expected.

Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews have made a successful debut at the Park Theatre, New York, thus setting at rest the doubts as to the credit attached by Jonathan to the stories afloat of a disposition on the part of the lady and gentleman to affront his dignity. Their good reception at New York will doubtless secure them a favorable appearance throughout the States.

Satirist, Oct. 21.

George Robins, in offering the St. James's Theatre to enterprising theatrical speculators, pretends that Braham is "solely influenced by a desire to have a little repose from the fatigue of management." There is something in this, for nothing can be more fatiguing than unprofitable management. Mr. Braham may well desire a little repose from the continual process of unbuttoning his pockets—an operation which soon tires the most vigorous manager.

A curious anecdote is related of Macready by Bunn, who, when the "Great Tragedian" first contemplated the murder of Othello, was consulted on the style of dress to be worn in the character.

"Dress it as close as you can—it will give you height and dignity," replied Bunn.

"What?" exclaimed Mac, "shall I not stuff it?"

"Stuff it!" quoth the manager, "what for?"

"That it may approach as near as possible to Shakspeare's own description of the part placed in the mouth of Iago."

"I do not remember the passage," continued Bunn.

"What!" concluded the "Great Tragedian," "not where the arch villain describes him as the *lusty* Moor!"

Macready would persevere in the use of horsehair, conceiving that the author intended him to be *stout* in person, as well as "rude in speech."

King Leopold has a horse which has a defect of vision; and the animal being a favorite, the veterinary surgeon has contrived a pair of spectacles by which, it appears, much relief is given. This circumstance was mentioned to Ducrow by Bunn, during a conversation about the former's stud, when the equestrian hero remarked, after his usual dry manner:—

"There is nothing new in that, Sir; my horses have been accustomed to *spectacles* all their lives."

We wish Ducrow would attempt authorship; a drama written by him would be a curiosity.

Mr. Charles Kean has been performing with great success at Liverpool; and Mr. Betty, jun., has just concluded a valuable engagement at Shrewsbury, his father's native town.

Van Amburgh and his lions have proved a rich harvest to Ducrow.

Several conflicting accounts have arrived from New York in reference to Madame Vestris's reception. She appeared at the Park Theatre on the 17th ult., when a party opposed to her tried to get up a row, which was over-ruled by a pit crowded with Englishmen. The "fashionable ladies" of the city, it appears, have determined not to entertain her visit. A pamphlet, also, which has been published in her own defence, has confirmed them, it seems, in their resolve. Dear Charles, it is stated is as great a Yankee as ever.

The Town, Oct. 20.

LIMESTONE SPRINGS (S. C.) FALL RACES.

The first regular meeting of the Limestone Springs Jockey Club commenced on Tuesday, the 16th October.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16, 1838—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Dr. W. B. Nott's ch. h. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs. walked over.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—J. C. Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's b. c. *Chesapeake*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 4 yrs	1 1
Dr. W. B. Nott's b. c. *Express*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	3 2
John Gist's ch. f. *Thesbe*, by Bertrand, out of Octavia, 4 yrs	2 3

Time, 4:00—4:02.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—J. C. Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Joseph McDowell's ch. h. *Sergeant McDonald*, by King William, dam by Nutcracker, 6 yrs	1 1
Dr. W. B. Nott's b. c. *Enoree*, by Godolphin, dam by Dockon, 3 yrs	2 2
Samuel McWhorter's gr. g. *Daniel O'Rourke*, by Imp. Bluster, dam by ——, 5 yrs.	3 3
P. E Duncan's b. f. *Diana*, by Expectation, dam by Gamester, 3 yrs	4 4

Time, 1:58—1:58.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

John Gist's ch. f. *Thesbe*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1 1 1
P. E. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo, aged	2 2 2
Dr. W. B. Nott's b. c. *Express*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3 3 dist.
Joseph McDowall's b. c. *John Ross*, by Reform, out of One-eyed-Peggy, 3 yrs.	dist.

Time, 2:08—2:07—2:12. Track very muddy.

Thus ends the first chapter of the Limestone Racing Calendar. At the next annual meeting (on the first Tuesday in October, 1839,) will come off a sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to name and close by 1st Jan. next; 3 or more to make a race. Mr. P. E. Duncan, Dr. W. B. Nott, and Mr. Junius Thomson, have already made nominations, and several more are promised.

A sweepstakes is also opened for colts and fillies, 3 yr. olds, two mile heats; entrance $500, half forfeit, to name and close by 1st of May; three or more to make a race.

The Limestone track is one of the most beautiful in the United States, situate about one mile from the Limestone Springs, a delightful watering place; where the good things of this life can be enjoyed in pleasure and abundance. It is a charming and healthy region of country, well adapted to the purposes of breeding stock and training horses; provisions are cheap; water fine and abundant. The track is a perfect plain—you can stand on any point, and see a dog gallop round; the soil is good. Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address

SAMUEL OTTERSON, *Secretary.*

MACON (Ga.) FALL RACES.

The Macon Jockey Club has been organized with energy, and under the most favorable auspices. The very worthy proprietors, Messrs. LEE, HARDIN & Co., have fitted up the Central Course in a style not to be surpassed, combining much taste and convenience. They have already invested $10,000, and will make many more improvements. At a meeting of the Club, the following gentlemen were chosen Officers for the ensuing year:—Capt. LEVI ECKLEY was unanimously elected President; Mr. Jeremiah Smith, 1st Vice Pres't, and Capt. Isaac G. Seymour 2d Vice Pres't; Col. H. R. Ward, Dr. L. A. Bond, Thos. A. Brown, and John L. Mustian, Esqrs., were appointed Judges; Col. H. F. Young, and Wm. B. Johnson, Esq., Timers; Messrs. Geo. J. Lunsford, James T. Reeves, C. H. Bradley, F. W. McCarthy, and B. Adams, Esqrs., Stewards.

FIRST DAY.

The races over this fine new track (the *Central Course*) commenced on Tuesday, 30th October. The fine weather, combined with the great number of good horses that was known to be in training on the course, brought a considerable number of persons together on each day's race. The colts' stake not being made up, the proprietors gave $100, to be run for as a sweepstake, $10 entrance, added to the purse, mile heats, which brought forward Messrs. Iverson & Bonner's *Linwood*, Mr. Wm. Porter's *Eliza Hunter*, Col. G. Edmonson's *Charlotte Barnes*, and Mr. J. J. Harrison's *Sarah Colbert*. Bets were freely offered on Linwood vs. the field, and were as freely taken; but the fleet and hard-bottomed son of Wild Bill was not in order to contend successfully that distance with the swift-footed Charlotte.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1838—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a Sweepstakes of $10 each, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs, with the usual allowance (3lbs.) to m.'s and g.'s. Mile heats.

Col. G. Edmonson's br. m. *Charlotte Barnes*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 5 yrs	1 1
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	3 2
Wm. Porter's b. f. *Eliza Hunter*, by Red Shark, dam by Mucklejohn, 4 yrs	2 3
J. J. Harrison's b. m. *Sarah Colbert*, by Shark, dam by Mucklejohn	4 dist.

Time, 1:55½—1:56½.

SECOND DAY.

This day brought forward Mr. Porter's Ajarrah Harrison, Col. Edmonson's Ione, Messrs. Iverson & Bonner's Major Dade, and Messrs. Hammond & Lovell's Buncom. Bets were offered on Ajarrah vs. the field, and some were taken. The first heat of this race was well contested; but Ajarrah, "the belle of the Georgia turf," would allow no *officer* to be her gallant in this heat, which she won with ease in 3:58. They came to the post for the second heat, having cooled off finely. Ajarrah's eye, which constitutes the beauty in everything, surpassed any eye that was ever beheld. They all got off well, Ajarrah taking the lead, Buncom brushing severely at her; she soon shook him off at the half mile post, being a length a-head, and the balance well up, coming the first round in this position around the first turn, and as soon as they got on the back-stretch, Ione made a desperate brush, and nearly locked Ajarrah; it was then evidently seen that Major Dade and Buncom would be distanced. They went round the last turn, and came into the stretch for home at a killing pace, Ajarrah beating Ione to the saddle. Ione deserves a great deal of credit, for she has run more second best races than anything of her age. Time, 3:54½.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Jockey Club Purse $250, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Wm. Porter's ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	1 1
Col. G. Edmonson's ch. m. *Ione*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 5 yrs	3 2
Iverson & Bonner's br. c. *Major Dade*, by Sir Charles, dam by Randolph's Roanoke, 4 yrs	2 dist.
Hammond & Lovell's ch. g. *Buncom*, by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs	4 dist.

Time, 3:58—3:54½.

THIRD DAY.

This day brought forward Col. Edmonson's Alice Ann, Mr. J. J. Harrison's Southerner, and Mr. Benton Martin's Cavalier Servante. Bets were offered 2 to 1 on Alice Ann vs. the field; some few were taken. They came to the Judges' stand, Southerner having the track, Cavalier Servante 2d, and Alice Ann 3d. They all got off well, but had not reached the quarter post before Alice Ann had the track, and maintained it throughout the heat, winning, under a hard pull, in 6:04. Cavalier, not running the 1st heat, merely saving his distance, and cooling off so finely, made many think he would be the contending nag in the race. The time having expired, the tap of the drum brought them all forward for the second heat. There was a false start, caused by some person halloaing out in the stand for them to go, and the drum not being tapped, Southerner did not get off, Alice and Cavalier running round before their jockies could take them up. The Judges again called them to the stand, after allowing them a respite of fifteen minutes, when they got off well, Alice leading throughout the heat, coming home some three or four lengths ahead, and a close contest between Southerner and Cavalier. Time, 6:03.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse $500, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Col. G. Edmonson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, by Director Jr., dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1 1
James J. Harrison's b. h. *Southerner*, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, dam by Harwood, 5 yrs	3 2
Benton Martin's gr. c. *Cavalier Servante*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Andrew, 3 yrs	2 3

Time, 6:04—6:03.

FOURTH DAY.

This day's race brought forward Messrs. Hammond & Lovell's Gerow, Messrs. Iverson & Bonner's Linwood, Mr. J. J. Harrison's Ibarrah, and Mr. George B. Robertson's Minor. Bets were offered and freely taken on Gerow vs. the field. Ibarrah was looked on as being very prominent in the race, from having won the young plate from John Guedron so easily last Spring at Milledgeville; but, unfortunately, in the start, his shoulder got wrenched, which caused several to say from the stand that he was cramped, and he was, consequently, distanced. They all got off well, Linwood leading, Gerow well up, in which position they ran throughout the heat, Linwood winning it in 8:01; Ibarrah and Minor distanced. They cooled out well, but it was evident that Gerow had the call. They got off well for the second heat, Linwood leading, Gerow well up; they maintained this position for three miles, when Gerow made a movement and came in front, and won the heat in 8:11, amidst the shouts of the crowd. Steel had not been spared on either, as was abundantly manifested by the gore on their sides. Hammond can put a horse in better order for a four mile race than any of the trainers in Georgia. It was nothing but the superior condition of his horse that caused him to win the race. The time having expired, the drum again called them to the post. Linwood again took the lead, but for a little way, as it was soon discovered that it was all day with him. Gerow ran kindly from the spur, which brought him to the Judges' stand some 30 or 40 yards a-head in a trot. Time, 8:35.

FRIDAY, Nov. 2—Jockey Club Purse $700, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	2 1 1
Iverson & Bonner's ch. c. *Linwood*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1 2 2
James J. Harrison's b. c. *Ibarrah*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs. shoulder slipped, and was	dist.
George B. Robertson's br. h. *Minor*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Collier's dam, 7 yrs	dist.

Time, 8:01—8:11—8:35.

FIFTH DAY.

This day's purse brought out Mr. Wm Porter's Ajarrah Harrison, Col. G. Edmonson's Charlotte Barnes, and Messrs. Iverson & Bonner's Prince Edward. The betting was 2 to 1 Ajarrah vs. the field, and but few takers, from her known superiority in this kind of a race. Charlotte contended each heat very well. I am desirous of seeing Ajarrah and Alice Ann come together on some two or three mile day; it would cause great excitement, and be a betting race. Record of the race:—

SATURDAY, Nov. 3—J. C. Purse $300, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Wm. Porter's ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1 1 1
Col. G Edmonson's br. m. *Charlotte Barnes*, " " 5 yrs	2 2 2
Iverson & Bonner's br. h. *Prince Edward*, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs	3 3 dist.

Time not given.

Thus passed off the first races over this new course (which is an exact mile) in perfect peace and a week of fine weather.

JOHN H. MORGAN, *Secretary.*

CHILLICOTHE (Ohio) FALL RACES.

Dear Sir,—I plead guilty, to a certain degree, of *lazy-osity*, and that is the reason I have not sent on my account up to the end of our Fall meeting. I have done wrong, and here I confess it, so there is no need of crying "Oh, pray overseer." Of the other defaulters, I say "give it to 'em till they 'fess."

FRIDAY, Aug. 31, 1838—Sweepstakes for all ages, catch weights. Three subs. at $200 each, $50 ft. Mile heats.

Armstead Doggett's ch. g. *Tip-top*, by Regulus, aged	1
N. Weatherby's ch. h. *Sir George*, by Sweetbriar, aged	dist.
John Webb's b. m. by Shakspeare, dam by Columbus, 5 yrs	pdft.

Time, 1:56.

This was open and shut. Tip-top slipped out of that patch "like shot off a shovel," and the briar never gave him a scratch. This gelding ran a mile at the first Fall meeting of the Buckeye Club, near Cincinnati, in 1:49—good eyes and steady hands timing.

SATURDAY, Oct. 13—Match, $100 a-side, One mile.

John Davis' bl. f. *Black Mary*, by Buck Elk, dam by Democrat, 2 yrs	1
J. E. Higby's ch. c by Imp. Valentine, dam unknown, 3 yrs	2

Time, 2:04½.

A pretty race, but I don't like to see 2 year olds upon the Turf any way they can do it.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for any thing foaled and raised in the State of Ohio, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Six subs at $100 each, h. ft Two mile heats.

John Davis' bl. g. *Black Beggar*, by Tariff, dam by Democrat, 4 yrs	1 1
Wm. Vance's ch. c. *Joe Gales*, by Marlborough, out of Young Duchess of Marlborough, 4 yrs	3 2
John G. Harley's bl. f. *Black Maria*, by Wehawk, dam by Rockingham, 4 yrs	2 dist.
N. Weatherby's ch. h. *Sir George*, pedigree above, aged	4 dist
John Row's b. c. *Neosho*, by Tariff, dam by Highlander, 5 yrs	dist.
Jeremiah Minor's *Jennie Deans*, by Bertrand, was killed by lightning	pd.ft.

Time, 4:09—4:04½.

This was a very interesting and a very honest race. It was won by Beggar by hard knocks and no favor. Harley's darkie pursued the beggar with fruitless entreaties from the jump to the last. She found it "sue a beggar and catch—nothing." The "old printer" tried him the next heat, but the democrat was too hard for the great whig, (as is the fashion in Ohio at present), and he gained nothing for his pains but place No. 2.

The Chillicothe Association Fall meeting commenced on

TUESDAY, Oct. 16—Purse $100, for 3 year olds foaled and raised in this State, weights as before, Mile heats.

Jas. Pryor's ch. c. *Ben Franklin*, by Woodpecker, dam by Franklin Beauty, 3 yrs	1 1
Wm. Vance's ch. c. *Joe Gales*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2 2

Time, 1:57—1:55.

This was a close fit, Joe rushing his adversary from the go, and running Ben to a length. Had he ran kindly and plumb, he might have won the race. In each rally he dropped behind Franklin, and could not be made to run parallel.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $100 a-side, One mile.

James Lewis' ch. g. *Jack Strut*, by Randolph, dam unknown, 4 yrs	1
N. Weatherby's b. m. *Lady Hope*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs	2

Time, 1:53½.

People say that proud Jack is a bulger; if he is, the lady was there or thereabouts. I thought she was too low for the race, but she was a persuader to the single dash horse all the way. Jack is now in Cincinnati. If he returns from that place with his laurels green, I shall conclude he is lively. I know an old hip-shot that haunts those parts, that is not slow.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before, Three mile heats.

N. Weatherby's b. m. *Lady Hope*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	1
J. Davis' bl. g. *Black Beggar*, " " 4 yrs	dist.
Maj. E. S. Revill's ch. c. *Red Hawk*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs	dist.
Miar Williams' b. c. *Thunderbolt*, by Thunderbolt, dam by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs., all Thunder. [The owner could not be persuaded to give a definite pedigree to his horse for this race, but something like one for an after race]	dist.

Time, 5:58.

"Jack," said an old soldier of the revolution to his companion, "Granny Wayne says he warn't surprised last night." "Not surprised," says Jack, "well, if we were not surprised, we were most damnably astonished." So I say of this race. After the first mile, the three gentlemen took it into their heads that they would trail—they trailed, and were tailed. The mare moved gently along, scarce raising her feet three inches from the ground, stretching herself out like a measuring worm. Thus she went sneaking away from them for two miles and two thirds, when Jesse bawled out to his rider, "shake her up and save a heat." He did it, and she did it. They were the worst fooled boys I ever did see.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Purse $100, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Maj. E. S. Revill's b. c. *Lorenzo*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 4 yrs	2 1
Nathaniel Weatherby's ch. h. *Arbitrator*, by Orange Boy, dam by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs	1 dist.
John G. Harley's bl. f. *Black Maria*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3 dist.
W. Marshall Anderson's br. c. *Mickinack*, by Tariff, dam by Moses, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 4:02—4:04.

You will conclude from the above record that we are provincials, and raw ones at that. What—you will probably exclaim,—Arbitrator running and carrying weight as a 6 yr. old! Why, gentlemen, he ran as a 7 yr. old, at Trenton, with Mingo and Post Boy, two years ago. By what Medean process, then, did he shuffle off 3 years from his back. I can't say our teeth examiners opened his chops, and he stood at what he was entered. One did think he might be a 7. Six or a dozen, he had like to have Yankied a clever fellow and a Kentuckian (Major R.) out of a purse. He came first to the post the 1st heat, and was a good second the next, but by some luck, good or bad, he stopped suddenly, and his rider swung from his neck to the ground. The cute chicken was no sooner down than he bounced up again, and came deliberately to the scales. The Judges held that there was no need of weighing, as he had been upon the ground without orders. This kicked up a row. You are looked upon as a Daniel in these matters—Speak, then, righteous judge—Was he distanced or not? [He was. On the 10th June, 1836, he ran, in Mr. LLOYD'S name, against *Post Boy*, *Mingo*, and *Camsidel*, at Trenton, carrying 121lbs. as a 6 yr. old. If his present owner was cognizant of that fact, he should be ruled off the course.—*Editor.*]

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

James Pryor's (John Davis') bl. g. *Black Beggar*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	0 1 1 1
M. William's b. c. *Thunderbolt*, by Thunderbolt, dam by Medley, 4 yrs	0 3 2 2
Maj. E. S. Reville's b. f. *Brighton Lass*, by Bertrand, dam by Alonzo, 3 yrs	1 2 3 3
J. G. Harley's bl. f. *Black Maria*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2 dr

Time, 2:12—2.16—2:13—2:15.

A hard rain the night before had made the track slippery. Much excitement prevailed during and after this race. Some of the wise crowd were pleased to decide differently from the judges—talked about where they were "fotcht up," what races they had seen, and *all that*. The circumstances which caused for the time the "vexata questio," were these—At the tap of the drum for the second heat, the Lass, who had the inside, darted on to the turf—the filly returned to the track on the right side of the pole. Immediately after which she and the blk. g. came in contact—at this point the Patrole saw them, and reported foul riding on the part of the horse. The judges, seeing from the stand what had transpired between them and the pole, decided that he did not run foul, as he had taken the track without jostling, and was ahead when she returned to it at the pole. Were they bound to decide according to the report of the Patrole Judges, or take the whole circumstances of the case together? Your word is law—give it to us. [We should confirm the Judges' decision.—*Editor.*]

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $75 a-side, One mile.

Maj. E. S. Revill's b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassina, 3 yrs	1
Charles Beal's ch. c. *Adrian*, by Paul Clifford, dam by Superior, 3 yrs	2

Time not given.

Though not distanced, Adrian was beaten as far as my colt Mickinack, who was distanced to my heart's content. This colt ran 3d in the Mile out at Cincinnati, in 1:50, about half a length behind. Things can be done better one time than another. This ended the week's sport, and *this* ends the communication of

W. MARSHALL ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

UNIONVILLE (S. C.) FALL RACES.

The regular annual meeting of the Union Jockey Club commenced on Tuesday, 23d ult.

TUESDAY, Oct. 23, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Gen. Shelton's b. c. *Enoree*, by Godolphin, dam by Dockon	1 1
P. E. Duncan's b. f. *Diana*, by Expectation, dam by Gamester	2 2

Time, 2:00—2:06.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 24—Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 year olds taking up 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; with the usual allowance to m.'s and g.'s. Three mile heats.

Dr. W. B Nott's ch. h. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs	1 1
P. E. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo, aged	2 2

Time, 6:17—6:17.

THURSDAY, Oct. 25—Purse $200, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

P. E. Duncan's b. c. *Chesapeake*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Thaddeus, 4 yrs. walked over

FRIDAY, Oct. 26—Purse $150, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Dr. J. McDowall's ch. h. *Sergeant McDonald*, by King William, dam by Nutcracker, 6 yrs	1 1
B. W. Clifton's b. f. *Maria Star*, by Star, dam by Tip-Top, 4 yrs	2 2

Time, 2:03—2:06.

SATURDAY, Oct. 27—Purse $200, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

John Gist's ch. f. *Thesbe*, by Bertrand, out of Octavia, 3 yrs. walked over

SAME DAY—For a beautiful English-shaped Saddle, from Mr. Nether's shop, value $40, conditions as before, One mile.

John Gist's b. m. *Betsey Anderson*, by Cultivator, out of Octavia	1
C. E. Sim's *Sally in the Wild Woods*, by Jeter's Turpin, dam by Ball's Florizel	2
Z. Hooke's gr. g. *Daniel O'Rourke*, by Imp. Bluster, 5 yrs	3

Time, 1:56.

And thus closed the last chapter of the Union Jockey Club. Beginning with a subscription list of $1500, and a pretty good track, we looked forward to much sport for many years to come. But we have been doomed at every meeting to the mortification of seeing the turf walked over for some purse. We have never had more than one good stable of horses at a time, and it is devilish hard to make a man run against himself.

It is all over—our spirits are damped, and this accursed disease impecuniosity has played the devil with our prospects. No more

We'll cast our eyes o'er Union track,
The ground was low and mucky,
There stood the Don in racing pomp,
And here was old Kentucky.

"Our occupation's gone."

S. O.

COLUMBUS (Miss.) FALL RACES,

Commenced over the *Hyde Park Course* on the 17th ult. President, PETER B. STARKE, Esq.; Vice Presidents, Dr. A. N. JONES and ELI ABBOTT, Esq.; Secretary, JAS. MCCLUIRE, Esq.; Treasurer, Dr. J. H. HAND. The annexed report is furnished by one of our special correspondents:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct 17, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

F. R. Gregory's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington	rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $10 each, free for all ages, 3 yr olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Top-gallant, 3 yrs	1 1
J. R. Head's ch. c *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs	2 2
F. R. Gregory's ch. f. *Columbia Gregory*, by Collier, dam unknown, 3 yrs	3 3
Robt. Smith's br. f. *Sally McCall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 3:57—3.59.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Johnson & Tayloe's b. m. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs	1 1
Robt Smith's br. f. *Sally McCall*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2 2
James Jackson's bl. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp Refugee, 4 yrs	3 dist.

Time, 6:29—6:20½. Track heavy from rain the preceding day.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Jockey Club Purse $600, ent. $30, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. R Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 y.	1 1
James Jackson's ch. c. *Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2 2
F. R. Gregory's gr. m. *Anna Eliza*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 5 yrs	3 3
David Myer's ch. c. *Secretary*, by Bertrand Jr., dam unknown, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 8:30—8:43. Track still heavy.

SATURDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $15, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

P. B. Starke's ch f. *Lorinda*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	1 3 2 1 1
F. R. Gregory's b. c by Imp. Fylde, dam by Washington, 3 yrs	2 4 4 3 2
Robt. Smith's br. f. *Sally McCall*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	4 2 1 2 3
James Jackson's imp. ch. f. *Clink*, by Humphrey Clinker, 3 yrs	3 1 3 4 4

Time, 1:57½—1:57—2.01—2:02—2:04½.

Toronto (U. C.) *Olympic Games.*—The following Games were to have come off at Toronto on the 17th ult. Col. MACKINZIE FRASER, Q. M. G. had been selected as Umpire, and the following gentlemen as Stewards:—

Col. Cox,	The Mayor, *ex officio*,
Capt. Arthur, A. D. C.	Capt. St. Quinton, 85th.
John Barwick, Esq.	Mr. Domville, A. D. C.
P. Buchanan, Esq.	Charles Heath, Esq.

The sports were to be held at the Caer Howel Grounds, at half past nine o'clock:—

1. Quoiting,
2. Hop, Step, and Leap,
3. High Leaps,
4. Putting the Balls,
5. Throwing the Hammers,
6. Wrestling,
7. Short Foot Races,
8. Long Foot Races,
9. Sack Races,
10. Steeple Race,
11. Rifle Shooting.

The prizes to be awarded to the victorious competors to the above Games, are handsome Silver Medals, Blue Bonnets, and Money. JOHN MAITLAND, Esq. Secretary.

PIPE SMOKING.

Happy lookin' critter, aint he, with that are little, short, black pipe in his mouth? The fact is, Squire, the moment a man takes a pipe he becomes a philosopher; it's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under trouble. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind mothers, indulgent fathers, and honest fellers, than any other blessed thing in this universal world. Indgians always buried a pipe and a skin of tobacco with their folks, in case smokin' should be the fashion in the next world, that they mightn't go unprovided. Jist look at him; his hat has no crown in it, and the rim hangs loose by the side, like the bale of a bucket. His trousers and jacket are all flying in tatters of different colored patches. He has one old shoe on one foot, and an untanned moccasin on t'other. He aint had his beard cut since last shearin', and he looks as shaggy as a yearlin' colt. And yet, you see the critter has a rakish look too. That are old hat is cocked on one side quite knowin', he has both hands in his trousers' pockets, as if he had somethin' worth feelin' there, while one eye shut to, on account of the smoke, and the other standin' out of the way of it as far as it can, makes him look like a bit of a wag. A man that didn't smoke couldn't do that now, Squire. You may talk about fortitude, and patience, and christian resignation, and all that sort of thing, till you're tired; I have seen it, and heerd tell of it too, but I never knew an instance yet where it did not come a little grain heavier or sour out of the oven. Philosophy is like most other guests I've seed, it likes to visit them as keeps good tables, and, though it has some poor acquaintances, it aint more nor half pleased to be seen walkin' lock and lock with 'em. But smokin'.—

Sam Slick, the Clockmaker.

Great Speed.—The first heat in the four mile race at Washington City, which took place on the 4th inst. was won by Mr. Thompson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, in the splendid time of 7:40! *Count Zaldevar* must be let out another link, which he undoubtedly has to spare.

Columbus (Ga.) Sentinel.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.—The Potomac Advocate mentions that a duel almost took place near Georgetown the other day, in which four schoolmasters were present, either as principals or seconds.

Corps de Ballet.—Hazard's Corps de Ballet, of which we have heard much in advance, to their favor, commenced at the National, New York, on Monday last. They are led by M'lle Stephan, and Mons. and Madame Hazard, originally from the Grand O pera, Paris. Phil. Sat. Courier.

Are you *sure* that Mons. Hazard, and lady, are from the Grand Opera, neighbor? M'lle Stephan, is said to be a very pretty creature, and for aught we know, she may have *seen* the Grand Opera, but we doubt whether she ever figured among the principals. Mons. Hazard deserves much credit, however, for his ingenious *Frenchification* of the Philadelphia girls. Boston Morning Herald.

That Louis Napoleon Bonaparte will supplant Louis Philippe is now rendered certain. A French serjeant has deserted, and, it is said, that he has been captured on the road leading to Arenenberg, where Louis Napoleon is living. This French serjeant will ultimately, we dare say, prove as great a man as old Bernadette. Nothing less than a kingdom is in store for him, but whether Russia or Turkey has been promised by the Prince has not been accurately ascertained.

Blair Forest.—Extraordinary Deer Chace.—On Thursday, the 29th instant, Lord Edward Thynne hounded a deer about seven o'clock, P.M., slipping two dogs at him. After a capital chace of three miles down to the Tilt, the deer came to bay in the river, very near the kennel, from which two of the dogs got out, when the deer broke away, and ran up the Ben y Glo, one of the highest hills of the forest, followed by the four dogs. Lord E. Thynne and his party were now obliged to give up the chace, it being near nine o'clock, and quite dark. Next morning a keeper was sent out in search of the dogs, when he found the deer standing at the very top of Ben y Glo, and the dogs still with him holding him at bay. On the approach of the keeper, he again broke away, and took straight down Ben y Glo, to the Tilt, a distance of six miles, where, having been once more brought to bay, he was shot by Mr. Butter, of Faskally, who was coming up from his residence at the time, all the dogs being still with the deer. The two first dogs that were slipped at him having thus never left him for seventeen hours. They were taken home in a very tired and exhausted condition.

A Back Woods Heroine.—A correspondent of the Louisville Journal, writing from Helena, Arkansas, under date of the 12th ult. says:—"Last week a Mrs. McBride, of Monroe county, a widow lady, was informed by one of her children, that the dogs had treed a panther within half a mile of the house. Having no ammunition she sent to a neighbor's and procured powder and lead, moulded some bullets, loaded her gun, and proceeded to the place and brought down her game at the first fire. "The report of the gun started up another Panther near at hand, which ran up a tree within half a mile of the other. She again loaded her gun and killed the second also at the first fire, from the top of one of the tallest trees. What would your city ladies say to this? I happened to be there the same day and received the statement from herself."

In reference to the unpremeditated style of Lord Chatham's eloquence, Horace Walpole remarks, "Though no man knew so well how to say what he pleased, no man ever knew so little what he was going to say."

A Blind Whist Player.—A correspondent of the London Medical Gazette says: A blind gentleman, with whom I am very intimate, has frequently played a rubber at whist in my house with more quickness and accuracy than either of his competitors. His cards, which he carries with him, are so very minutely marked by the point of a needle, that though I have often sat by him, I never observed the marks; yet with the utmost quickness he sorts and plays his cards, the other parties of course announcing what card they have put down.

The new theatre at Providence was opened on Monday night. The Herald says—"The company, which is highly respectable in talent and character, performed their several parts in a manner gratifying to a crowded and fashionable audience. Where all were excellent, it is difficult to discriminate; but Mrs. Maeder never appeared to better advantage—even in her juvenile days."

"I've raised a new pair of boots," said A. to B., putting forward one as a sample—"a handsome fit, eh? I bought them to wear in genteel society!" "They will be likely to last you your life-time," rejoined B., "and worth something to your heirs." Eastern Argus

SPANIEL WANTED.

A FIRST RATE WATER DOG is wanted—a Spaniel would be preferred. Apply to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o27]

SWEEPSTAKES—LOUISIANA COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

WE the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, on the first day of the regular Fall meeting of 1838, with 2 year old colts and fillies, sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close the 1st Tuesday in Nov.

John F. Miller, | A. L. Bingaman, | Wm. J. Minor.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, on the fourth day of the regular Fall meeting of 1838, with 3 year old colts and fillies; sub. $1000, ft. $250; Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Tuesday in Nov.

John F. Miller.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Poststake race over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, on the sixth day of the regular Fall meeting of 1838, free for all ages, weight for age; sub. $1000, P.P.; Three mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

John F. Miller.

All entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Secretary of the Louisiana Jockey Club, New Orleans. [o6]

TALLAHASSEE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Annual Races of the Tallahassee Jockey Club will commence over the Marion Course on the second Wednesday in Jan. next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $20, h. ft., Two mile heats. Closed with seven subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Florida, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 3 subs.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Free for all, agreeably to the Rules of the Tallahassee Jockey Club. Ent. 10 per cent. [n10] THOMAS BROWN, *Treasurer & Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—HAMPTON COURSE.

AS is, and has been usual of late years, with the proprietors of the different race tracks of our country, to advertise their stakes, and in my opinion to close at too early a period to give the owners of colts a fair opportunity of testing their racing qualities, I therefore communicate to the sporting world my present plan, rules, and terms.

There will be kept open Stakes for 2 and 3 year olds, to be run for every successive year, and not to be closed until one month previous to the race; declaration, 15 days before the coming off of the race.

Stakes of $1000 each subscription, ft. $500, dec. $100, will be Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Stakes of $500 each subscription, h. ft., dec $75, will be Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Dashes of Two or One mile, to suit the convenience of parties; that is, the amount to be run for.

Persons wishing to make their entries, will please direct their letters to the subscriber, acting proprietor of the Hampton Course, or to Capt. Wm. G. Nimmo, Secretary of the Hampton Jockey Club, Augusta, Ga. [n10] F. W. LACY.

IMPORTED LUZBOROUGH.

OWING to some objections urged by the Virginia partners in *Luzborough*, as conflicting with some of their other horses that are to be located in Kentucky, he will remain another season in Alabama, and occupy the same location as the last season.

The old veteran is in better health and condition than I ever saw him, and bids fair to live out his score and a half. From the increased success of his colts on the turf, particularly in Virginia, where none but good ones can win, and where *time alone* is the true test of merit, the politic breeder must at once see the superiority of his colts. Having goodaccommodations for any number of mares, with large and convenient foal stalls, stables, &c., to shelter them the whole season, I hope he will receive a share of that patronage which is justly due to him. Luzborough, as a foal getter, is the surest of the sure, having served mares last season from eleven States, many of which were in very bad order on their arrival, and out of the one hundred he served, I know of only three failures. Breeders from a distance can send their mares as early as possible, particularly those that are in foal, so that they may not hazard anything in travelling in bad weather, and all entrusted here shall meet with every kind attention that can be bestowed, by careful grooms and attendants.

Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., Oct. 15, 1838.—[n3-3t] A. WHITLOCKE.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North-East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country, unlimited business was guarantied; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw a-side all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little, petty slanders, relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season; each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, *unsurpassed.*

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb. next, to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms: $100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe.* [n10] F. W. LACY.

PREMIUM CATTLE.

TO BE SEEN AT 122 FULTON STREET, a pair of the most extraordinary fine Cattle, which were raised at Brighton, Mass., by Gorham Parsons, Esq., and fatted by Zachariah B. Porter, of the above place. These oxen are of a very remarkable and peculiar breed, the stock having been imported from Calcutta (East Indies), and are thought to be the only pair of cattle of this description in the United States. They have lately been purchased by Edmund Jones, of the Second Ward Hotel, New York, who has been induced, at the request of a number of his friends, to exhibit them for a short time at the above place, in order that the fine quality of this breed may come more into general notice. He has accordingly taken the building lot, No. 122 Fulton street, two doors from the corner of Nassau, where they may be seen from 9 A.M. until 6 P.M., on and after the 24th inst. Admittance 12½ cents. [n3-tf.]

New York, October 22, 1838.

SWEEPSTAKES, METARIE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $300; Mile heats. To name and close 15th Oct. Four or more to make a race. To come off on the Tuesday of the week of the regular Jockey Club Fall meeting. Now 7 subs.

James S. Garrison, | W. R. Barrow, | Richard Adams, | T. Simmons.
Dr. Ira Smith, | Thos. J. Wells, | C. C. S. Farrar, |

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $150; Mile heats. Six or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1839. To come off on the Monday preceding the regular Spring meeting of 1839. Now 4 subs.

Montfort Wells, | W. J. Minor.
Col. A. L. Bingaman, | C. C. S. Farrar.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250; Two mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1839. To come off on the Tuesday in the week of the regular Spring meeting, 1839. Now 2 subs.

Montfort Wells, | C. C. S. Farrar.

Gentlemen desirous of making nominations in any of the above stakes, will please address S. M. READ, *Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club.*

New Orleans, Aug. 12, 1838.—[A25]

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER *The Louisiana Course*, New Orleans.—The Fall meeting will commence on Wednesday, 28th Nov. next.

First day—The Creole Purse of $500, Mile heats.

Same day—Purse $250, Mile heats, free for all horses.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, Two mile heats; if more than two start, the 2d best to be entitled to $200—if but two, the winner to receive $1000.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1800, of which the 2d best will be entitled to $300 if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $1500. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—The Louisiana Plate, value $1000, Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $2500, $500 to go to the 2d best if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $2000. Four mile heats.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

HENRY A. TAYLOE, J. C. BRANCH, MANDEVILLE MARIGNY, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, Sept. 6, 1838.—[822]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump.*

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Test Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Four mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday, 12th December, 1838.

First day—Mile heats, Purse $500
Same day—Two mile heats. 750
Second day—Three mile heats. 1200
Third day—Four mile heats. 2000
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5. 700
Fifth day—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse. 1000

On Monday, Dec. 10—Match for $2500 a-side, h. ft., for 3 year olds, Four mile heats.
Maj. Thos. J. Wells names bl. f. *Extant*, by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Refugee by Wanderer.
Greer & Simmons name b. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Charles.

On Tuesday, Dec. 11—Match for $5000 a-side, h. ft., for 3 year olds, Four mile heats.
Maj. Thos. J. Wells names ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia (Birmingham's dam) by Topgallant.
Greer & Simmons name ch. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid Shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S GARRISON, RICHARD ADAMS, THOMAS J. WELLS, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, April 15, 1838. S. M. READ, *Sec'y of the M. J. C.* [o6]

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER THE ECLIPSE COURSE, will commence on Tuesday, 6th Dec., and continue six days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, 2d horse to receive $300, provided more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1200. Three mile heats.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $1200, 2d horse to receive $200 provided more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $1000. Two mile heats.

Third day—The *New Orleans Plate*, a splendid Tea Service of Silver, value $1000, Two mile heats. In this race 4 year olds and under carry their appropriate weights, 5 year olds and over, 100lbs.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $2500, 2d horse to receive $500 provided more than two start, if but two, the winner to receive $2000. Four mile heats

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Proprietor's Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

New Orleans, Oct. 12, 1838.—[o27] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

Sweepstakes, Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft. $200. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.

Wm. H Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs

3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500, h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors.*

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, coosisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Miracle, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
The four named above are now in training on Long Island.
African, bl. h., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.
Bonny Black, bl. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler.
Ethiopia, bl. f., 4 yrs., by Dashall, out of Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition.
The three above are now in training by Mr. Isaac Van Leer, at St. Louis, Missouri.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Despair, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
Florence, ch. f., 1 yr., by Henry, out of Floranthe, own sister to Goliah and Dosoris.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Ramp.

BROOD MARES.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Cora, ch. m., 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc, (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.
Clara Howard, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838.—[A4-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

BREEDING AND RACING STUD FOR SALE.

THE following Brood mares and Colts will be sold at auction during the ensuing meeting of the Columbus (S. C.) Jockey Club.

No. 1. *Grey mare*, about 15 years old, by Financier, dam by Blue-Beard, grandam Imp. Psyche by Sir Peter Teazle, bred by Lord Grosvenor.

HER PRODUCE.

1834 Gr. c. by Godolphin.
1835 B. f. by Bertrand Jr.
1836 Gr. f. by Nonplus.
1838 Stinted to Bertrand Jr.

No. 2. *Sorrel mare* 6 yrs., by Crusader, dam by Bedford; grandam by Blue Beard; g.g. dam imported mare Psyche.

HER PRODUCE.

1837 Ch. c. by Imp. Rowton.
1838 Stinted to Imp. Emancipation.

No. 3. *Bay mare*, by Kosciusko, dam by Rosicrucian: grandam by Wildair. Nothing further is positively known of her pedigree, though believed to be thorough bred.

HER PRODUCE.

1833 B. f. by Godolphin, stinted to Bertrand Jr.
1834 S. f. by Godolphin.
1837 S. f. by Imp. Rowton.
1838 B. f. by Nonplus and stinted to him again.

No. 4. *Sorrel filly*, 4 yrs., by Godolphin, out of the dam of No. 2.

The three Four year olds and the Bertrand 3 year old, will be trained for the ensuing South Carolina races. [O13-tf.]

HAMPTON COURSE RACES.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the above course will commence on the second Tuesday, 8th January, 1839.

The great match race for $10,000, between *Volney* and *Target* will come off on Monday the 7th.

The splendid Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., declaration $100. Two mile heats.
J. E. Calhoun names b. f. *Nullification*, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
John G. Winter names b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
Also, " b. f. *Miss Armstrong.*
John Morrison names ——, by Henry, out of Highland Mary.
Also, " ——, by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
Col. Wade Hampton names imp. b. f. *Ella*, by Emilius, out of Ada.
Col. Paul Fitzsimons names ch. f. *Ada Byron*, by Priam, out of Delphine.
Michael Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Medway.

There are several other Stakes to be run for during the week; the stakes to come off the day or days to suit the convenience of the parties.

Jockey Club Purses.

First day—Mile heats, for 2 and 3 year old colts, a pair of superb Silver Pitchers, (ent. $25, 3 or more to make a race,) valued at $250
Second day—Two mile heats 300
Third day—Three mile heats 500
Fourth day—Four mile heats 1500
Fifth day—Mile heats best 3 in 5 400

☞ I have every thing in readiness for the accommodation of my customers.

[n10] F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 25th March.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

Second day—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day—Purse $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start. Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start; Three mile heats.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start; Four mile heats.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when those rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best. Should but one or two start for the 2, 3, or 4 mile purses, the winner to receive only the same amount that he would if more than two had started.

As the New York and Philadelphia Rail Road, which will pass by the Eagle Course, will be completed before the ensuing Spring, the course will hereafter be opened in a manner far superior to what it has formerly been. The time of the meeting will not again be altered under any consideration. O. BAILEY, *Sec'y.*

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1838.—[n10]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats 700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats 1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5 300

Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary. [ap21] F. K. W.

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the following full blooded, improved Short-horned [Durham] Cattle:

Superior, red cow, calved Aug. 8, 1832, by Gambier [2046], out of Splendour by Anson [1639], grandam Sophia by Cupid [938], &c. For more extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, pp. 634 and 646. Bred by Whitaker, and imported by the subscriber.

Nevis, red bull calf, calved 28th Aug., 1838, out of Superior by Boaz—see B.'s pedigree below.

Fanny, roan heifer, calved 31st May, 1835 [now in calf by Boaz], by Ambo [1636], out of Daisy by Fairfax [1023], grandam Lucy by Warlaby [672]. For extended pedigree see Coates' Herd Book, vol. 3, p. 339. Imported by the subscriber.

Boaz, roan bull, calved 15th April, 1835, by Magnet, out of Young Princess by Albion, grandam Old Princess. Bred by Chas. H. Hall. For extended pedigree see certificates of Robert Stalen, Steward to the Earl of Derby, and the Breeder.

All these cattle are large and of the most approved form [O13-tf.] JAMES A. HAMILTON, Nevis, Dobbs Ferry P. O., New York.

NEW ORLEANS WEEKLY PICAYUNE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to this highly popular Southern journal received at this office. Devoted to every thing in general, and full accounts of theatricals, racing, and all the sports going on in the Emporium of the South, in particular. The proprietors feel a confidence in recommending the Picayune to their Northern friends.

Terms—Five Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. For further particulars enquire at the office of the Spirit of the Times. [o2]

REPEATING FIRE ARMS--COLT'S PATENT.
No. 155 Broadway, New York.

THIS Company, the sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, have reduced the prices of Arms about Thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactery of Repeating Arms of inferior description, which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this Company. The Company are determined to reduce the prices of their admirable Arms so low, while at the same time they are determined to prosecute any infringement, as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from Practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen and others, and they aver with confidence, that they are superior to all other Arms for Sporting, Attack, and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. With one of these Rifles or Pistols (the weight and size of which does not exceed the ordinary Pistol or Rifle) the bearer is able to fire in rapid succession, from ten to sixteen charges, while at the same time he may suspend the firing at the end of each discharge, and all the charges can be reloaded in less time than the ordinary single charge arms.

The Perfection to which the Company have brought their works, enables them to manufacture the most beautiful, and highly finished arms ever got up in the United States, and as they believe, equal to any thing brought from Europe. And they offer their arms at prices less than they can be furnished elsewhere, wholly independent of any patent right protection.

Their Repeating Rifles will now be sold at from $50 to $60, and equipments $15, averaging from $65 to $75 complete, and their Repeating Pistols from $20 to $35, depending upon the size and quality, all of perfect workmanship and material.

The Company will keep on hand Cap Primers, Bullet Moulds, Ammunition Flasks, and all other equipments required by Sportsmen, Travellers and others using their arms.—Their Patent Cap Primer should be owned by every one who uses a Gun, Rifle, or Pistol.

They hope, in the course of a few months to present to the public Repeating Shot Guns, the model of which has been prepared and tested.

They would call the attention of the Agents of Foreign Governments to their Arms, they have already been tested in actual service, and Soldiers very readily acquire their expert use. A Detachment of Eighty men is an equal force to Eight Hundred with the ordinary Rifles or Musket. The Rifles and large Pistols are especially desirable *in arming the Police or Guards, or Watch of Cities and Fortifications, and on Ship board and Plantations.*

Orders for large quantities can be executed within ninety days from the time they are given.

The Company are always ready to apply any test which may be required to ascertain the celerity, safety, accuracy, and distance of effective fire of their Arms.

N.B.—All Articles manufactured by this Company are stamped "Patent Arms Manufacturing Co. Paterson, N. J. Colt's Patent," with other appropriate devices.

Orders will meet with immediate attention if directed to the Subscriber, [S8-tf.] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N.Y.

S. J. SYLVESTER,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 20*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

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New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

WARREN'S HORSE POWER.

A NEW invention, which has been thoroughly proved during the past year, and can be sold for half the price of any other invention now before the public. Price $40, to be used by one horse, and $50 for two horses. This horse power is suitable for all kinds of uses; for mills, circular saws, turning lathes, and especially threshing machines and cotton gins. Also for sale, Warren's Iron Threshing Machine, which is highly approved of. One man and a boy can tend it. Price, one horse power $20, and two horse power $25—bands found for $250—levers for one horse power, $2 50. Orders from any part of the United States or Canada and Texas, post paid, will be promptly attended to, by [S15] E. WARREN, 126 Nassau st. New York.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Granvieur and Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Monday, 10th Dec.
" "	Hampton Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Jan.
" " "	Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*,
Benton, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
Columbia, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Nov.
Jefferson Co., Miss.	Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
New Orleans, La.	Louisiana Course, J. Club Fall meeting, last Wednesday, Nov. 28.
" " "	Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
" " "	Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " "	Match, $2500 a side, 4 m. h., *Extant* vs. Pacific colt, Dec. 10.
" " "	Match, $5000 a side, 4 m. h., *Beeswing* vs. *Wilkina Herndon*, Dec. 11.
Raleigh, N. C.	State Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Nov.
St. Francisville, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Dec.
" " "	Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Wednesday in March.
" " "	Match, $1000 a-side, *Uncas* vs *New Orleans Belle*, 20th Dec.
St. Matthews, S.C.	Jockey Club Annual meeting; 2d Wednesday in January next.
Tallahassee, Flo.	Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.	Mount Airy Course, Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Dec.

STALLIONS FOR 1839.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va, at $40; $60 to insure.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga., at $30 the season.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq, at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50 the season—$1 to the groom.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the groom.

☞ Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of $20, in this paper, no charge will be made.

PEORIA (Illinois) FALL RACES.

Mr. Terry furnishes a report of these races to the "Peoria Register," from which we compile the one annexed. It will be seen that old *Henry Archy*, *Sydney*, and others that formerly figured on Long Island, were among those that were entered for the different purses. The pedigrees of several horses are not furnished, though undoubtedly thorough-bred; as it will be a matter of considerable interest at some future day to know what "cracks" flourished in Illinois in 1838, we hope some one will supply the omissions referred to.

MONDAY, Oct. 15, 1838—Match, $500 a-side, Two mile heats.

Mr. Reeve's *Bacchus*, pedigree omitted	1 1
Mr. Gridley's b. h. *Phantom*, by Contract, dam by Potomac	2 2

Won in sporting style, time not given.

TUESDAY, Oct. 16—Cocktail Race for a Saddle, Bridle, Martingal, Whip and Spurs, to be run for by Road-ters, or such nags as have never ran for a larger stake than $40, the value of this stake. The first nag receives the Saddle, valued at $25; the 2d the Bridle and Martingal, $10; and the 3d the Whip and Spurs, $5; making in all $40. Catch wts. One mile

Daniel Meek's ch. m. *Betty Burton*	1
Mr. Jordan's gr. m. *Grand Defeat*	2
Mr. Lochridge's b m. *Weasel*	3
Mr. Reeve's c. by Red Fox, 2 yrs	*
Isaac Van Buskirk's s. h. by Roanoke	*
Mr. Gaskill's b. h. *Durac*	*
Mr. Clayton's s c. *Bucephalus*, when a-head in last quarter	bolt.

Time not given. * Not placed.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 17—Purse $100, for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Mr. Clayton's b. f. *Cass Farrell*, by Bertrand, dam unknown	1 1
Mr. Meek's b. c. *Jackson*, by Whip, dam by Janus	2 2
Mr. Jordan's b. f. *Lady Jane*, by Dragon, dam by Neptune	dist.

Time, 1:59—2:03.

THURSDAY, Oct 18—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Mr. Reeve's s. m. *Peggy Stride*, pedigree omitted	1 1
J. Kimble's b. h. *Sidney*, by Sir Charles, dam by Rattler, aged	2 2
Mr. Benjamin's gr. h. *Charley-on-the-Green*, by Potomac, out of Silk Stockings	3 dr

Time, 4:19—4:22.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19—Purse $200, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Mr. Musick's s. h. *Botherem*, by Diomede, 6 yrs	1 1
J. Kimble's b. h. *Henry Archy*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, aged	2 2
J. W. Caldwell's b h. *Rubree*, by Humphrey, dam by Hickory	3 dist.

Time, 6:30—6:56.

SATURDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $150, conditions as before, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Mr. Musick's b. h *Henry Archy*, pedigree above, aged	3 1 1 1
Mr. Gridley's b. h. *Phantom* " "	1 2 2 2
Mr. Clayton's b. f. *Cass Farrell* " "	2 3 dist.

Time of 1st heat, 1:56.

The races ended in good order, and considering the weather, which was rather unpleasant, the sport was fine. Wm. C. Terry, *Sec'y*.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) FALL RACES.

The annual Fall meeting of the Greensboro' Jockey Club, on the *Henry Course*, commenced on Tuesday, Oct. 30th, under auspices the most favorable, the weather being propitious, and the track in excellent order. The following gentlemen comprise the Officers of the Club:—President, Col. Wm. Armstead; Vice President, R. C. Macon, Esq.; Secretary, H. A. Tayloe, Esq.; Treasurer, Dr. J. C. Branch; Timers, Thos. Eubank Leefe and Wm. Bell, junr., Esqrs.; Stewards, Col. H. Webb, John Fife, Allan Jones, and A. A. Sneed, Esqrs.

TUESDAY, Oct. 30, 1838—Sweepstakes for all ages, 2 year olds carrying 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four subs. at $50 each, P.P., with $100 added by the Proprietors. Mile heats.

R. W. Withers' b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Tiger Whip, 4 yrs	4 1 1
J. R. Head's ch. c. *Tishimingo*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs	1 2 3
Henry A. Tayloe's (H. O. Pegram's) ch. g. *Dick Beasley*, by Marion, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs	2 4 2
Daniel Gray's ro. f. ——, pedigree unknown, 4 yrs	3 3 dr

Time, 1:57—1:55—2:00.

This race was a sporting affair, and afforded much amusement to a very large assemblage of people. Tishimingo was the favorite, and was backed early in the day against the field; but when the horses came on the ground, the thing was out: Tishimingo did not appear in order. They got away in beautiful order, all in a crowd, Tishimingo coming out first; the roan made a push at him, but it was no go. Dick now took up the running, and made several brushes, though the Leviathan continually ran from him, and won the heat easily.

2d heat.—Dick took the lead from the start, but was instantly collared by the Leviathan; away they went, neck and neck, for the first half mile; at the second turn Tishimingo had rather the advantage; the whip and spur were used freely, which enabled Tishimingo to take the lead by several lengths. Henrietta, who had been watching the result of the struggle, now came into play, passed Dick, and challenged Tishimingo. The contest is now interesting; Henrietta has locked him—now they are neck and neck—she passes him, and comes down the home stretch at a rattling rate, Tishimingo making several desperate brushes, but without success, Henrietta winning the heat by half a length, to the astonishment of the backers of Tishimingo, who thought that they had the affair certain.

3d heat.—Henrietta was now the decided favorite, and though large odds were offered, there were but few takers. At the tap of the drum Dick and Tishimingo got off; Henrietta was not so fortunate, losing at least thirty yards, which she closed up in the first quarter, and dasheed past her competitors like a streak of lightning; this pace she kept for half a mile, when she was held up, allowing Dick to come near and make a brush, but the filly was wide awake, and kept him at a proper distance, winning the heat and race easily.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 31—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $20, conditions as before, Two mile heats

Tayloe & Johnson's imp. bl. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs	1 1
Smith & Head's ch. f. *Harpalyce*, by Collier, dam by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs	2 2
R. W. Wither's gr. m. *Alice Gray* by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs	3 dist.
James Lankford's b. f *Certelfa*, by Bennehan's Sir Archie, dam by Arabian Bagdad, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 3:53—3:50

Another glorious day, which induced numbers to attend. The field was crowded with both horsemen and pedestrians. Maria Black was the favorite. With an even start they got off, Harpalyce leading at a quick pace, followed by Maria Black, Alice a few lengths behind, Certelfa no where. Harpalyce continued the lead to the last turn in the 1st mile, when Maria Black came up to her; they made a severe brush together, during which the saddle on Harpalyce slipped, and Maria came in front at the Judges's stand. Maria now had the lead, and went on at a moderate rate; in the back-stretch Alice came up to Harpalyce, who made another brush at Maria, and left Alice far in the rear. Maria won the heat by a length.

2d heat.—Maria had the lead for the first quarter, which Harpalyce took and kept for a mile and a half; Maria now came up and passed the Collier with the greatest ease, and made a severe run home, distancing Alice, Harpalyce only saving her's by a foot. This was an interesting contest, and the best time recorded over the Henry Course.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's ch. c. *Pactolus*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2 1 1
Head & Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	1 2 3
James Lankford's b. m. *Liz*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Alfred, 5 yrs	3 3 2

Time, 8:04—8:10—8:17.

Another beautiful day, and a full attendance of the lovers of racing made the sports of the day go off with eclat. Pete was the favorite against the field 4 to 1, and was freely backed at these odds. At the tap of the drum they got away, Pete having the lead, Pactolus 2d. In the second mile Pactolus went up to the Leviathan, but he quickly left him behind; in fact, Pete outfooted him entirely. They kept this position all the way round, Pete winning handily. The first three miles was run in 5:56.

2d heat.—Pete was now more than ever the favorite; odds to a large amount were offered, but only few takers. After several attempts, Pactolus and Liz got well off; Pete was not so fortunate, losing at least twenty yards, which he soon regained, and locked Pactolus at the first turn, passing him with a rush; in the first two rounds, Pactolus made several severe brushes at Pete, and kept him up to his work; in the third, Pactolus locked and passed him amidst the hurrahs of the crowd. Pete soon came up again, and the race down the stretch to the Judges' stand was killing, Pete coming in first in 5:59. In the back stretch Pactolus again came up to the Leviathan, and passed him with the greatest ease. It was now quite apparent that the severe brush in the 3d mile had killed Pete. Pactolus now had it entirely his own way, and galloped in. The enthusiasm of the spectators was manifested in its full force, and the burst of shouts and exclamations were deafening.

3d heat.—On making their appearance for this heat, Pactolus and Liz were in fine order, not in the least distressed, while Pete was perfectly dead. After three vain attempts, they at last got off, Pactolus leading, with Liz in company, who ultimately took the lead, which she kept for the first three rounds. Pactolus made one or two feelers, and again fell back; in the last round he made a brush and instantly passed the mare, and won the heat by several lengths. Pactolus was bred by Duke W. Sumner, of Nashville, Tenn., and sold to Messrs. Jones & Abbott, of Columbus, Miss., for $2000, when in his 2 yr. old form.

[The report of the last two days' races have not been received, but we are promised them for our next paper, from the Secretary. Our correspondent was obliged to leave Greensboro' for Huntsville, to attend the races at the latter place, before the meeting was concluded.]

TARBORO' (N. C.) FALL RACES.

The regular annual Jockey Club meeting commenced over the *Tarboro' Course* on Tuesday, 6th inst. The track was exceedingly heavy from rain the day previous, and is, unfortunately, 46 yards over a mile.

TUESDAY, Nov. 6, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham by John Richards	1 1
J. S. French's ch. f. *Fleta*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas	2 2
Thos. Christmas' ch. c. by Contest, dam by Sir William	3 dist.
Dr. Thos. Payne's (Henry Maclin's) b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian	pd. ft.

Time, 1:56½—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

Betting—5 to 1 on Portsmouth. At the start, Portsmouth took the lead, with the filly close up, and on the 1st turn she lapped him; here an exciting contest ensued, head and head, until they entered on the last quarter, when the colt's superior strength and condition told upon the little filly; she, however, struggled to the last. Portsmouth won the heat by half a length only.

Second heat.—Portsmouth had all his own way, and won cleverly by about a length, distancing the Contest colt. 'Tis but justice to remark, that Fleta was entirely amiss, occasioned by a severe cold.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs; 3lbs. allowed m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. m. *Fanny Wyatt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	1 1
E. J. Wilson's b. h. *Stockton*, by Eclipse, out of Iris by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	4 2
Dr. J. J. Daniel's gr. f. *American Maid*, by Eclipse, out of Eliza Sploton, 4 yrs	3 3
Mr. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a luck, aged	5 4
David McDaniel's b c. *Henry King*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2 dist.

Time, 4:07—4:07. Track heavy, and 46 yards over a mile.

Fanny Wyatt the favorite against the field. They all got off well, American Maid leading, Hard Heart 2d, Henry King 3d, Fanny Wyatt 4th, and Stockton last. They continued in this way for a short distance, when American Maid and Hard Heart fell back. Henry K. now came forward, and made play, with Fanny at his heels, coming in ahead the 1st mile—time 2:03. On the backside Fanny made an effort, and without much difficulty placed herself in front, maintaining her position, and won the heat by some three or four lengths, hard in hand.

Second heat.—Hard Heart led off and cut out the work at a merry rate, closely followed by Stockton, with the others all together, trailing in the rear; thus they performed the 1st mile, without any material change—time 2.00. In making the 1st turn, Fanny made running, drew clear, and never was headed, winning with great ease, several lengths ahead.

THURSDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse $350, ent. $20, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Edward J. Wilson's gr. f. *Omega*, by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs	1 1
David McDaniel's b f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Muckle-john, 3 yrs	2 2

Time not given. Run during a violent storm of rain.

The word being given, Omega led off, and made strong running from the start, Vashti close up. Omega kept her rate under a strong pull, going along in beautiful style, with a clean racing stroke; when they entered the straight run home, Vashti had still something left; she made a gallant push for the heat, showing great game, and came up rapidly. Omega, however, proved too much for her, and won the heat by about half a length.

FRIDAY, Nov. 9—Handicap Purse $150, ent. $10, free for all ages, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Mr. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, pedigree above, aged, 116lbs	1 1 1
Henry Maclin's b. f. *Sky Rocket*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Peggy Madee by Sir Hal, 4 yrs, 97lbs	2 5 2
E. J. Wilson's b. h. *Stockton*, pedigree above, 5 yrs, 107lbs	4 6 3
Robert Wynn's b. f. *Polly Cary*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs, 97lbs	6 3 4
D. McDaniel's b. h. *Henry King*, pedigree above, 5 yrs, 106lbs	5 2 5
Gen. Williams' b f. *Mary Moody*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs, 97 lbs	3 4 dist.

Time, 2:02—2:02—2:02. Track 46 yards over a mile.

Hard Heart the favorite. He took the lead, and after a pretty severe contest with Sky Rocket, he won the heat by about half a length.

Second heat.—The old gelding led off again, and never was headed, winning handily, upwards of a length in advance

Third heat.—Hard Heart, Sky Rocket, and Stockton, made strong running. On the back stretch Stockton declined, and the two made a beautiful race home, Hard Heart winning cleverly by about a length.

DUCHESS OF CARLISLE.

FOR SALE, the thorough-bred filly *Duchess of Carlisle*, 4 years old last Spring. She was got by Oscar Jr., her dam by Thornton's (Wynn's) Rattler, grandam by Old Sir Archy, g. g. dam by Tayloe's Topgallant, g. g. g. dam the imported mare Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy.

Oscar Jr. was by Ogle's Oscar, and he by the Imp. Gabriel, out of Vixen by Old Medley, and full sister to Tayloe's Bell-air. Oscar Jr.'s dam was Dr. Edelin's celebrated mare Floretta, by Spread Eagle, her dam by Hall's Union. Topgallant by Imp. Diomed, out of a Shark mare.

By extending this pedigree, it will be seen that the Duchess of Carlisle is as high bred as any filly in England or in this country. She is perfectly sound, and would make good running next year in good hands. She will be sold low.

Address Gen. GEORGE GIBSON, Washington City. [n17-3t]

TO SPORTSMEN.

CHALLENGE.—A Dog of the Terrier breed, weighing 26lbs., four and a half years old, can be matched to fight any Dog for One Hundred Dollars and upwards a-side, to give or take one pound. This challenge will be kept open for one month: if not accepted within that time the dog will be withdrawn. For further particulars apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. [n17-3t]

TO SPORTSMEN.

CHAS. WILSON, 51 CANAL STREET, would respectfully call the attention of Sportsmen, and the public generally, to his assortment of Satin-Beaver, Moleskin and Fur Hats, viz: superior Moleskin, $3.50 (generally charged $5); very good Satin-Beaver, $2,50; fine Shert-napped Nutria, $4; first quality plain do., $1; Youths' and Boys' Hats proportionably cheap. Also a general assortment of Caps, both travelling and dress. [n2-tf.]

Splendid Engraving of Washington.—G. W. Bradley & Co., of No. 8 Astor House, have just published a superb line engraving, from the burin of T. Kelly, of Stuart's celebrated painting of Washington, in Faneuil Hall, Boston. The picture is one of the largest ever engraved in this country, and is finished in a style worthy of the subject.

New Books.—A very gratifying evidence of the general resumption of business is afforded by the increasing number of new works that the publishers in this city and Philadelphia are turning out. We have received a dozen volumes within the last four days, and as the Fall meetings will soon be wound up in this quarter of the world, we trust to find leisure to dive into their contents.

RACES IN 1838 NOT REPORTED.

We would call the attention of Turfmen and Breeders to the annexed list of Races that have not been reported this year, in the hope that they will take measures to ensure their stock "fair play." We desire to place upon record, in the pages of the Spirit of the Times, the pedigree and performances of every horse on the American Turf, and to accomplish this end have expended large sums in sending special correspondents to attend race meetings in every section of the country. Notwithstanding the most unwearied exertions on our part, it will be impossible to preserve an authentic and complete record of the performances of the horses of the present day, unless those interested make it the imperative dufy of Secretaries of Clubs, and Clerks of Courses, to report their races for publication. In making up our annual Lists of Winning Horses at the end of the year, we shall be necessarily obliged to omit many of those who have distinguished themselves, their breeders, and their stock, unless their owners make it a point to see that their performances are duly registered. To prevent an unpleasant occurrence of this nature, we have taken pains to prepare the following list of Races this year that have not yet been reported. Gentlemen owning horses that have been winners at either of them, will therefore see the necessity of instructing the proper person to furnish a report for publication; in the event of their not being supplied from such a source, or some other, the winnings of their horses must of course be omitted. We feel that we need not impress upon breeders and those training and running horses, the manifest importance of having the performances of their "cracks" placed on record, and we invite their attention to the subject that no blame may be attached to us hereafter, for omitting their names in making up the List of Winning Horses in 1838. In the list below we have given the date at which the meetings commenced, the better to designate them; and as the required reports are sent to us, the names of the places at which the races came off will be omitted.

SPRING RACES.

Barnwell, S. C.	commenced March 13	Mount Sterling, Ky.	May 3
Buffalo, N. Y.	May 30	Newbern, N. C.	commenced April 19
Canton, Miss.	April 10	Nottoway, Va.	May 16
Columbus, Ga.	May 8	Peoria, Ill.	May or June
Freehold, N. J.	May 8	Terre Haute, Ind.	May 2
Jackson, Tenn.	May 8	Velasco, Texas	May 1
Lewisville, Ohio	April 25	Warrenton, N. C.	May 2

FALL RACES.

Culpeper C. H., Va.	Sept. 17 or 25	Mount Sterling, Ky.	Sept. 13
Dover, Ky.	Oct. 17	New Iberia, La., Match	Oct. 13
Dresden, Tenn.	Sept. 11 & Oct. 2	Newport, Ky.	Sept. 19
Fayetteville, Arks.	Oct. 4 or 16	Nottoway, Va.	Sept. 18
Flemingburg, Ky.	Oct. 2	Olympian Springs, Ky.	Sept. 27
Independence, Mo.	Oct. 11	Palmyra, Mo.	Sept. 25
Jackson, Tenn.	Sept. 24	Paris, Tenn.	Oct. 8
Jefferson City, Mo.	Sept. 26	Petersburg, Tenn.	Sept. 13
Kingston, Ala.	Oct. 17	Ridgeville, Md.	Aug. 21
Lafayette, Ill.	Oct. 16	Sandwich, U. C.	Oct. 16
Lafayette, Ind.	Oct. 17	Springfield, Ala.	Oct. 15
Lancaster, Pa.	Sept. 11	St. Francisville, La., Match	Oct. 1
Madison, Ky.	Sept. 27	Van Buren, Arks.	Oct. 17
Monticello, Mo.	Sept. 13	Warrenton Springs (Lee's), Va.	Sept. 18

SWEEPSTAKES—OAKLAND COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Kentucky.

Spring Meeting, 1839.

1st Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $100, Mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 7 subs, viz:

Y. N. Oliver	M. W. Dickey	D. Stockton	W. W. Bacon.
W. T. Ward	Jas. K. Duke	Wm. Buford	

2. A Poststake for 3 year olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; to close 1st Jan. next.

Fall Meeeing, 1839.

1. Poststake for 3 year olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250, Two mile heats; to close 1st Jan next; 4 or more to make a race. The Proprietor adds a Plate to this stake, value $250. Now 3 subs., viz:

J. G. Boswell | Wm. S. Buford | M. W. Dickey.

2. Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $2000, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan next; now 3 subs, viz:

Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey name *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, now 3 yrs.
W. T. Ward names *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, now 4 yrs.
W. Viley names *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, now 3 yrs.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, to carry 70lbs. each, sub. $50, h. ft.; Mile heats; to name and close 25th Dec. next; now 2 subs. viz:

Thomas M. Philips | Frederick Herr.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, ft. $250, Mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 4 subs. viz:

D. Stockton | Y. N. Oliver | M. W. Dickey | A. C. Antill.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $100, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs. viz:

H. W. Farris | W. S. Buford | Y. N. Oliver.

Fall Meeting, 1841.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $150, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 3 subs. viz:

Y. N. Oliver | Chas. Buford | H. W. Farris.

Spring Meeting, 1842.

Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1839, sub. $500, ft. $100, Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Jan. next; now 14 subs. viz:

Y. N. Oliver names produce of ——
L. P. Blackburn names produce of Anna Monroe and Eclipse.
W. T. Ward names produce of Sertress and Waxy.
George E. Blackburn names produce of Lucretia and Eclipse.
Also, " " " Martha Halloway and Eclipse.
D. Stockton names produce of Polly Hopkins and Birmingham.
Thos. G. Moore names produce of a St. Tammany mare and Imp. Glencoe.
M. W. Dickey names produce of Caroline Scott and Imp. Luzborough.
S. Davenport names produce of Betsey Harrison and Imp. Hedgeford.
Wm. S. Buford names produce of Scarlet's dam and Medoc
H. W. Farris names produce of Frances Ann and Imp. Hedgeford.
J. G. Boswell names produce of Agnes Goode and Frank.
Geo. N. Sanders names produce of Olivia and Imp. Tranby.
Wm. Buford, Sen., names produce of Peggy Stewart and Medoc.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 3, 1838—[n17] Y. N. OLIVER.

BEACON COURSE—TROTTING.

THE Second Trotting Fall Meeting over the above course will take place on Tuesday, 20th November, and continue three days.

First day, at 1 o'clock—Purse $50, for trotting horses that never won a purse, Two mile heats in Harness.

Same day, at 3 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats under the Saddle.

Second day, at 1 o'clock—Purse $50, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, Two mile heats under the Saddle.

Same day, at 3 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses, not excluding the winners of the above purses, Two mile heats in Harness.

Third day, at 1 o'clock—Purse $75, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats in Harness.

Same day, at 3 o'clock—Purse $150, free for all trotting horses, not excluding the winners of the above purses, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

All entries to be made at the Course the day previous, by 4 o'clock P. M.

[o27-4t] A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y*.

BROOD MARES.

FOR SALE, several thorough-bred mares, of approved blood, that have passed the last season with *Mingo*. These mares were bred by the subscriber, are healthy, of good size and form, and have proved themselves to be good breeders. Letters of application for additional information, post paid, will receive early attention from the Editor of this paper, and from C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1838.

☞ The mares are in Chester County, not far distant from Philadelphia, and will be shown to persons desirous of examining them. Some of them have foals at their heels.

[o6-tf.] C. I.

TO MUSICIANS.

WANTED, for the New Theatre at Providence, R. I., a few Violin Players for the Orchestra. Application to be made to JAMES G. MAEDER, 514 Broome-St. [S22]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a New Series, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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